FORUM

For February, 1917

THE FRANCE I KNOW

BARTON BLAKE

Being a Letter from a Yankee Resident of Paris to a Critic of French Institutions Located in Walla-Walla, at the University.

Paris, December, 1916.

DEAR PROFESSOR MUDGE:

So your neighbor Eric Struss has been reading a copy of the "Memoirs of Madame Steinheil," borrowed from the Carnegie Library, and has shown you some damaging passages, and now you want to know what a Paris-American thinks about it all? The answer is simple: he doesn't. Too much has happened since Madame Steinheil—and even since Madame Caillaux—the other French woman you mention in your long letter. Madame Steinheil is the lady whose painter-husband was found mysteriously murdered in their apartment in the Rue de Vaugirard. You say that the lady was reputed to have had intimate relations with a "personage"—a very high personage indeed—and I have heard the same story. You are quite right about the lady being acquitted—as Madame Caillaux was acquitted of *her* murder charge on a hot day in July, 1914, just before the War. Madame Caillaux had murdered, not her husband, but a newspaper proprietor who was printing, or had threatened to print, damaging private letters. Madame Caillaux's husband (just then) was a prominent politician; even now he is said to be a power in politics, though he is no longer Minister of Finance. The trial had split France in two,

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according to the newspapermen of July, 1914. A revolution was predicted. Anyway, it was an exciting trial. But since that July or more than two years since, a great deal of Seine water has flowed under the Bridge Henri IV; a great deal of French blood has flowed in defense of the country that gave birth to Madame Caillaux, but also to Jeanne d'Arc. Aren't you and Mr. Struss a little late in the day in taking up Madame Steinheil and Madame Caillaux as topics of culture?

It is only three or four years, to be sure, since some moralist suggested that the former lady was "the representative Frenchwoman," and the Steinheil ménage "a France *in petto.*" They have been long years, however, and even at the time my friend Jules Claretie entered vigorous protest. Here—I saved it in my scrap-book. "This fictitious French *bourgeoisie,*" he said, "is not the common type amongst us—the type of simple devotion, of obscure toil, the type of the mother of a family who goes with a smile of resignation from her baby's cradle to her husband's office or workshop to inspire him with fresh courage, and share his too frequent sorrows and his too brief joys." That is how one member of the French Academy spoke about the French *bourgeoise*—the housewife. A good many other people have written of her to the same purport, and more eloquently. Sometimes I think that besides being the best citizen of ante-bellum France, the Frenchwoman is the real hero of the War, itself. But Claretie will never write an article saying so, in spite of his enthusiasm, for just as the Caillaux and the Steinheil were being crowded out of memory by the mobilization and the first battles in the North, poor Claretie departed this life altogether. We buried him early in the opening year of this memory-wrecking struggle.

The legend of a France given up to brilliant vice persists abroad in the face of France's unassuming heroism. The only difference is that you admit that France is brave—and you seem rather surprised. Though France is a nation of scientists and bankers and home-makers as well as martyrs and realists, the nation pays for its versatility and is condemned for having given to the world too generously of

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beauty and of pleasure, and for having winked at the immorality of her visitors. In the countries called Anglo-Saxon, she suffers too, from her excess of intellectual honesty. She is neither hypocritical nor sentimental, and so it is hard for countries that tend to be both hypocritical and sentimental, countries like Great Britain and the United States, really to understand her. The "non-conformist conscience" is unknown both to France and to the French vocabulary. Among those who misunderstand France, the biggest error comes from having so long mistranslated *la Ville Lumière* as "the light city" instead of the "city of light." Granting, however, that Paris *is* light (not at the moment, though, for there aren't any more street-lamps—you know the authorities take no risks of Zeppelins) one may ask: Has Paris lived by light alone? Obviously she has not, since she goes on her way serenely, even with the Boulevards dark of an evening, and the cafés closed at nine o'clock, everyone living a quiet life of industry and service. Paris never did live the all-exterior life of boulevards and music-halls that tourists took for the "real" Paris when, as a matter of fact it was only Paris's make-believe. You will comprehend Paris better if you go to Switzerland. You will find that the Swiss are very far from spending their lives admiring Swiss mountain scenery. Indeed, I believe that Switzerland has produced fewer great landscape painters than any country in the world except Patagonia and Dahomey. And those Swiss novelists whose descriptions of the Alpine scene I happen to remember—Jean Jacques Rousseau, who wrote a good many years since; and M. Rod, who died lately enough for me to feel the loss of him even now—did their jobs, for the most part, in Paris or its environs. These things go by contrasts and contraries. If the Swiss are the last people in the world to appreciate the Alps except as a source of revenue for their hotels and wood-carvers, isn't it fair to believe that the French have, on the whole, been the people least concerned with "French immorality?" There is, you must know, a type of tourist which checks its morals at the same time it buys its steamship ticket. It is with French "immorality" a little the same

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as with the indecent post-cards peddled about privately in tourist years, back of the Opera, in Rue Auber. Who ever saw the vendor of those post-cards try to sell them to anyone but some stranger from Chicago, or London, or Buenos Aires, or Berlin? Perhaps you judge by my making these remarks that I've just been re-reading Professor Barrett Wendell's *France of Today,* and Laurence Jerrold's *The Real France.* Well, I have read those books. "The newcomer in England sees our solidarity," wrote Mr. Jerrold some time before the War; "the newcomer among the French is dazzled by their mobility. Afterwards, he is surprised to find us sometimes less slow than he thought; but he is amazed to discover a France with great firm feet of clay." The average American visitor has seen the France which purveys light amusements to still lighter tourists; Mr. Jerrold has seen the France which repaid Bismarck's milliards in a trice, and proceeded to develop the second greatest colonial Empire in the world by way of partial compensation for losing the coal and iron lands of Alsace-Lorraine. The average tourist has seen the France which sat on the boulevard having drinks by daylight; while Mr. Jerrold and Professor Wendell saw France the banker of Europe, France the philosopher, France the family.

France's "great feet of clay" have been the discovery of those of us who have paid the country long enough visits to learn more than the way to our banker's and to our wife's hat-shop and to half a dozen boulevard theaters. Yet we needn't regret that. The traveler's ignorance of the "real" Paris is a matter of small consequence. The authentic Paris, the authentic France, have made themselves felt these last two years—and not on the battle-field alone. Even Paris knows itself better, understands itself better; the Palais Royal and the Quat'ze Arts and the Rat Mort no longer count for so much in outside estimation of what France has and is; while here in Paris, too, there is a new sense of values and self-valuation. Come to this capital and you will find it purged of the tourist and the *marcheur;* the only tourists sitting at the Café de la Paix now are the British officer in

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khaki and the American war correspondent clothed in omniscience. This new Paris is not gay, and perhaps you will even call it a bit provincial; at any rate it is, for the first time in *my* memory, wholly French. To her eternal charm, to her historic riches, to the intellectual ferment which has made this the cosmopolis for scholars and artists no less than for fashion-designers and pleasure-seekers—to these the Paris of the Parisian, that is, the Paris of 1916, adds a gracious gravity that no one quite expected of her. In many rooms in our modern apartment houses there is too much furniture; sometimes, entering a room from which several pieces of furniture have been temporarily cleared (perhaps because your wife is planning dancing for her dinner-guests) you will be struck by the fact that the room is much bigger and more attractive than you have ever realized. So it is with this new Paris—the purified Paris of the Parisians. At last one sees the city for what it is. Never did the calm of the Seine, the beauty of the bridges, the brooding peace of the Cité and Notre Dame (on which a German air-man has dropped his bomb—not his fault if no great harm resulted!), the rhythmic perfection and stony symphonies of the Louvre, so impress the wayfarer. And Maurice Donnay, who has so often written of, and for, the women of France, tells us that we owe to the war-time Parisienne, so charming in her unchanged modes (unless wearing black be held a new fashion), this special, severe, yet very lovely physiognomy of Paris under fire—this Paris calmed but not subdued, to which we war-time lovers can bear faithful witness. "Our enemies," Donnay writes, "on the word of their spies, have dared lay this aspect of Paris to I know not what anguish, I know not what woe. They have blundered—but how could they do otherwise? They have not understood that Paris has her sense of shame, and does not make holiday when her sons are fighting and dying. So, while Berlin illuminates for her pretended victories, Paris illuminates neither for the Marne nor the Yser"— nor, one may add today, for the Somme and for Verdun (a war within a war).

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In spite of the heroism of the France I know, and the low opinions of France that you have held in Walla-Walla (in the past, at least), I don't in the slightest blame you for those low opinions; the Latin is an actor always, and the Celt has something of the play-boy in him, and *your Frenchman is Celt and Latin. He is an actor, and he has amused himself always—hard-working chap that he is—by pretending to be a devil of a fellow, especially where ladies are in it. And now France is found out.* I think France is half-ashamed to be found out; certainly there are no heroics about France's heroism. You may come to Paris and you will never hear the "Marseillaise" played or sung; you will never hear "Tipperary"; you will hear neither band-music nor patriotic speeches—for France's patriotism is too deep to need, at such a moment at this, any more facile expression than the battle she is fighting for democracy and for civilization. I can say this, being an American; but the Frenchman would claim only to be fighting to clear his soil of the Invader, who has no right to be messing up his front yard, and breaking the big wheels in his factory, and robbing the till in his shop. France would disappoint you, if you took passage on the "Lafayette" and landed at Bordeaux and traveled through Touraine—province of Rabelais and Balzac, of France and of Agnes Sorel—up to Paris; the Paris of all the world. For, as I have said, it is all heroism, and no heroics. It is nothing like the war-plays in New York, and very little like the magazine articles in the lurid magazines.

Don't think, though, that I'm sorry about your illusions regarding Paris, and all France. If the Yankee tourist hadn't been ignorant about France in his very cocksure way, and misinformed the folks at home on the subject, he would have been as pretentiously misinformed, as mistakenly persuaded, of lies about things nearer home—home-matters that would have made a more real difference. He might even have made mistakes in his own politics and art. Your Walla-Walla attitude towards French literature, that your high-brows view at the Ladies' Browning Club with fond approval, is, on the whole, more serious than these things I've been mentioning.

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Walla-Wallans have been wrong in assuming a people that write such diverting novels about the misbehavior of married folks, a people whose modern theatre is one imposing monument to mischief, must misspend its whole life accordingly. They forget that there is safety in a people's discharging its naughtiness and so purging its system. *They forget it is the poison that isn't got rid of that kills the patient;* also they forget that the very triumph of France in the frivolous art of ante-bellum days is proof positive of certain Frenchmen's proficiency in what is, at its very worst, an expensive specialty. And it is only fair to note that French scholarship expresses itself as fluently, as charmingly, even, as does French commandment-breaking. The French historian is a man of letters as well as a historical scholar; the French etymologist is a humorist as well as a linguist; in short, taste and imagination have never been banished from the Temple of Learning—as has happened in at least one great country where something of the intellectual parvenu still clings to the scholar and his manners. It is as easy to read a French "doctoral dissertation" as to sit up past midnight over a romance by Loti, or over Pierre Loüys, whose "Aphrodite" isn't allowed to go through the U. S. mails, or wasn't at any rate, during the life-time of your dear St. Anthony Comstock. A Yale philosopher-friend of mine always reads Kant and Fichte in French translation because, he says, the French text is so much more understandable. The only French millionaire with whom I'm really intimate, honestly prefers, for light entertainment, Gustave Le Bon's psychology and sociology to the naughtiest *nouvelles* of Maupassant and Abel Hermant and Prevost. (Prevost is a captain of artillery, nowadays). Isn't it less because of the congenial wickedness of Paris, than because of his own inborn industry, and literary ingenuity, and understanding of world-markets, that the French romancer has made depravity more than customarily delightful?

After all, it takes a very great genius—a Tolstoy, for example—to make ordinary life lastingly interesting. Even a Tolstoy succeeds only when he heightens the emotions of

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men and the significance of events (sometimes we call this intensity the "Russian" or the "Scandinavian" attitude towards life—but these are mere words). Possibly the most of modern French authors have been notable technicians rather than towering geniuses. And so we have no right to be surprised that instead of sticking to their muttons, they have romanticized a bit and have discreetly applied themselves to what lies outside everyday French experience—lies there just as patiently as Sherlock Holmes's adventures, or Poe's story of the Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar. Once Walla-Walla grasps this, it is in a fair way to understand French literature, and the remoteness of its relation to any but very exceptional French life. Here in Paris a great many American motion pictures are on show, and most of them represent Wild West scenes (Redskins and Cowboys), or else Charlie Chaplin. These *are* American; but the most of Frenchmen are intelligent enough to realize that Charlie Chaplin's manners are not typical of Boston Back Bay, and that the number of Americans scalped by Indians is no longer as great as it might seem to be if you believed everything you saw at the Boulevard Movies.

In the meantime, and quite apart from the influence of the War—that has ennobled France as a great tragedy has ennobled sinful individuals ever since the Greeks did the sinning—you must have noticed the reaction in certain quarters of literary France against the kind of fiction by which her bad name in Walla-Walla was gained in the first place. Romain Rolland's "Jean Cristophe" is one of the most splendidly idealistic and epical novels I have ever read. Nothing like it has been done since Goethe, even though M. Rolland is none too popular in war-time France. Maurice Barrès has, in the last few years, stood for a very different philosophy than the all-devouring egoism of his youthful novels. M. Bazin and M. Bordeaux and the author of "Marie-Claire" and Jean de la Brète and Lafon and Boyslève have written a whole book-shelf of novels that don't compare with Barrès's books or Rolland's "Jean-Christophe"; novels which, whatever may be their ultimate value, yet must open

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their reader's eyes to the real France that underlies the Paris of the Boulevards; just as a *sound and sane America lies somewhere west and north and south of Broadway's tinsel and filthiness.* (Most of these novels have been translated, by the way—if you care to hunt them up). I wish you knew something about the French family, and perhaps the fact that you never sought to know it isn't wholly creditable to Walla-Wallans. A large number of Frenchmen you see, know a great deal more about quietly earning their livings and enjoying family life than they do about eroticism and its by-products.

Come and visit Paris in the fall of 1917, when we hope that peace will have come and France will be healing her wounds, and I will "show you." I will show you, not just the stability of France, and the common-sense of her, but the completeness of the partnership which exists between husband and wife—a partnership founded upon mutual service and confidence, not upon sentimentality; not upon the temporary deification of one sex by the other, followed by disillusionment; not upon the notion that it is the duty of the man to grub and the woman to spend and to acquire all the family "culture." France is wholly human, and will not conceal her faults when you come to her; but after you have learned those very human faults you will love her the better for her honesty and her human-ness.

But before you come you must promise me not to talk about "the New France," the France regenerated by the Great War. For France is very old, and her "decadence" (such as it was) has been going on ever since Frenchmen started making modern history; and "the New France" is the Old France—the France I know.

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AN EPISODE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

O. C. A. CHILD

WE used to call her Flivver in the group
That met at Dollie's board of well-worn wood,
You know the place—the one with vine-clad stoop—
Where style is missing but the food is good.

A merry little crowd were we of those
Bohemia shelters 'neath her kindly wing,
Indifferent to convention, when we chose,
And caring little for the book and ring.

We called her Flivver. My! but she was small!
And playful as a kitten in the sun,
Til Donald Grant, her love, her all-in-all,
Went back to draw a blade against the Hun.

We saw him sail, our sorry, heart-sick few,
And Flivver tried to raise a feeble cheer
That caught and died, as if the poor girl knew,
That never more would she behold her dear.

The weeks dragged on and on and nothing came
From Donald Grant but picture postal things,
Yet Flivver waited, with her heart aflame—
It seemed her soul, at last, had found its wings!

We met at Dollie's, as we had before,
But Flivver seemed a hovering mite, apart;
Her ear was tuned to catch far cannons' roar
And naught but memories fed her hungry heart.

I wish I might forget the night we found
The little one asleep and safe from harm,
Flung at her Donald's door upon the ground—
A numbered metal disk beneath her palm.

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OUR ANACHRONISTIC ARMY

This article is by a foremost writer and authority on military affairs, connected with the U. S. Army in the West, and points out a condition that is a serious menace to the interests of real preparedness.

"*NOTHING connected with American institutions seems more curious,*" a foreigner who had been making a prolonged visit to this country said to me lately, "*than the fact that your army is not, even in theory, democratic.*"

I made answer that the army of the United States is an anachronism, a survival from another period and another order, with difficulty maintaining itself in an age, and amid conditions, with which it is out of relation. "As a general thing," I sought further to explain, "interest in our tiny military establishment has been slight. In times of trouble our disposition has been, of course, to idealize and acclaim it. At other times, the common attitude is one of mildly antogonistic indifference. We have never seriously bethought ourselves that we are supporting an organization whose basic principles are quite at variance with the basic principles of the nation."

In a broad way, no doubt, the average well-informed American has an idea that our army is composed of two distinct sections—officers and private soldiers; that by far the greater part of the former are trained at West Point or appointed from civil life through personal influence, while the latter enter the ranks by enlistment. He may possibly know, besides, that officers are certain of advancement in pay, rank, and authority, provided they meet a not too exacting mental and moral standard; but that enlisted men only occasionally obtain commissions, and even when they do so, are not (unless they chance to be the sons of officers) regarded as more than technically the equals of civilian appointees, or graduates of the Academy.

Anyone who has ever bestowed a moment's thought upon the matter will have recognized that—as my European friend observed—the theory whereon such a system rests is

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by no means democratic. He is likely to suppose, however, that the practice arising from it is not, upon the whole, in contravention of American articles of faith, and that the life of those in the " service," though other in form, does not, in essentials, differ considerably from that of the ordinary citizen.

Yet reflection should suggest that it were impossible to take one small body of men, remove them from most of the circumstances and necessities governing common humanity, make them secure of the alliterative desiderata of power, pay, and promotion, endue them with all but complete authority over the minutest acts of a much larger body of men, whom they regard as inferiors, and expect the resulting situation to be in accord with the ideals underlying free and popular government.

One must, though, have had actual part in army life to be enabled to realize the extent to which it is influenced by un-American sentiment— by class distinctions, by the spirit of absolutism, and by a sense of the rights of the officer as against the civilian.

Certain manifestations of these feelings are indeed obvious enough to anyone familiar with the course of events upon a military reservation; as well as to most citizens who have had even casual experience with the army officer. But actually to appreciate the degree in which the latter regards himself and his family as of a privileged order, with rights and interests at variance with those of the civilian populace, one must oneself have belonged to that order—and have been, besides, endowed by nature with some sense of humor, and at least a moderate ability to disassociate one's processes of judgment from one's instinctive bias or prepossessions.

If I have undertaken to speak of the spirit of the Army—in its social manifestations—it is as one who was born in the officer's class, and who has all his life been connected with it, through kindred and friends. It may not be amiss to add, moreover, that, *far from abhorring the service, I am so bound to it by ties of association and affection that the sound of a bugle call, or the sight of a flag floating above post roofs,*

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awakens strong yearning; and that a man in the uniform of the United States seems of my own people, beyond anyone whosoever in civilian garb.

Yet neither habit nor sentiment can blind me to facts which, in my youth, I accepted as divinely decreed; but which, through later years, I have been disposed to regard more analytically.

First among these, both because of its obviousness and its significance, is the feeling of caste which governs the officer in his relation to the enlisted man. The American citizen who enlists becomes, thereby, in the eyes of the citizen who holds a commission as officer, not merely a subordinate, but an inferior in a sense not known to civil life. I do not put it too strongly when I say that he has entered into something like degradation.

It is not that the "men's quarters" in a military post are always more or less distant from the "officer's line;" it is not that there is no association between the two districts save of a strictly military nature; it is not even that at the very religious services in the post chapel—where worldly rank might perhaps be expected to be temporarily overlooked—the soldiers with their women and children are segregated from officers and their families. These things may seem surprising or objectionable to the casual visitor upon a reservation; but they have the root of their existence in a practical necessity—the same necessity which makes it a grave breach of the proprieties for the wife or daughter of an officer so much as to speak to an enlisted man in any manner save one of remote civility or of condescension to a menial; which makes friendship unimaginable, and a love affair a shame and debasement, a stain upon the honor of an entire class, a disgrace never to be lived down. The placing of severe restrictions upon intercourse between the officers' women-folk and the private soldier is founded upon reason. It is hard, indeed, to imagine how garrison life—especially in localities remote from towns—could be otherwise regulated; since women are very few, and men very many, and promiscuously gathered.

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But the line of cleavage goes further than is required by the modus vivendi of the post. As an example of how far beyond any real exigency it extends, I recall the case of an officer of my acquaintance who was retired from active service and living in a large city where his home was frequented by other officers, on leave or on duty in the neighborhood. A friend of the retired officer—a youth of good birth, of talents and personal attractions—had had an unfortunate love affair, and smarting from his wounds, in a hour of recklessness had enlisted as a soldier. His company was stationed at a post not far from the city, and one day the officer encountered him on the street. Moved by pity for the young fellow's plight—his despondency and loneliness—he took him back to his home to spend a quiet evening, in the midst of a family such as that to which he was accustomed. It chanced that some other officers called while the private was there, and though the latter wore civilian clothes, he was recognized before he could take his leave—which, it must be said, he did quite promptly. From that day forward the hospitable officer's house was forsaken by his brothers-in-arms.

Again there was the case of a certain major who was the father of two sons. The elder had gone through West Point and was a lieutenant. When the Spanish War broke out, the younger son—unable to obtain a commission, but wishing to serve his country—enlisted. Later on it befell, in the course of army events, that the major and the younger son were passing through Havana at the same time. The major, repoiced at sight of his second-born, impulsively invited him to dine at a restaurant. When the lieutenant brother—who was stationed not far away—heard of the affair he was exceeding wroth, and rebuked his parent for having appeared in public on terms of familiarity with a private. In this particular case it is only fair to say that the sympathies of the service would be divided. But that it should admit of two opinions is sufficiently instructive.

These are but two cases, entirely typical, out of a number which might be added to indefinitely. They throw light on the attitude of the officer toward the soldier; yet, after all,

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they are illustrative merely of the spirit of "social" regulations—using that word in its narrower sense—wherein one allows for many vagaries of no profound significance.

If the differentiation of the commissioned from the enlisted obtained only here, it might well enough be dismissed as unimportant. It is in matters more directly pertaining to military regulations that it becomes of genuine consequence. There is, as an instance, the question of gambling at cards. An officer may gamble with impunity. Be it clearly understood I am not saying that officers make a practice of gambling. It is done only by a few, and never by those most respected. Nevertheless, officers may and do gamble at cards without getting into trouble or even being obliged to cease when their action comes to the attention of their superiors in rank. For a soldier, however, to be caught playing for stakes means certain reprimand and probable punishment. An especially flagrant instance came under my observation not long since, in a garrison where the regulations against gambling were very strictly enforced among the privates. There was a temporary encampment of a branch of State militia on the reservation, for purposes of training. Every evening poker games—enlivened by drinking—went on until a late hour. It was done openly, almost under the windows of the men's barracks, and considerable sums changed hands. Militiamen and regular officers played together. Had enlisted men been caught, quietly and soberly, risking a few dimes on the turn of the cards, even in some remote, secluded spot of the reservation, they would have been treated with much severity. Yet the enlisted man is far more in need of diversion and amusement than is the officer, since the former has a life of monotonous routine, confined for the most part within the reservation limits, and the latter enjoys a considerable degree of change and of liberty.

In another post where I chanced to be, it was common knowledge that a small group of officers had a gambling game which ran on night after night, month in and month out, and that sums large by comparison with an officer's pay were won and lost. Yet, time and again, during the course

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of my visit, I would hear how this or that company commander had gone out during the night, and "raided" a game among some soldiers. And these company commanders would talk gravely together concerning the large number of desertions from the fort.

At the same place occurred another most unfortunate case of discrimination. The fort was so situated as only to be reached by passing through a certain district across which it was—by Federal law—forbidden to transport intoxicating liquors. Even by mail or express they could not, legally, reach the post. None the less, a shipment of whisky was one day smuggled in. Some of it had been consigned to a certain officer of notoriously bibulous tendency, and some to a group of enlisted men. That for the officer was delivered (and to the best of my belief, a private was commanded to carry it to him), while the whisky intended for the men was poured out upon the ground.

At that period the soldier—in any garrison—might not have even his glass of beer at the post exchange; though drinking in the officers' quarters was general and permitted. Within the last few years, however, this particular discrimination has been done away with, and it is forbidden for any intoxicating drinks to enter military reservations—an order, by the bye, whose promulgation has a great deal to do with the army officers' intense dislike of the present Administration at Washington.

It must be exasperating at times, to a disinterested lover of fair play, to see how an unscrupulous officer will carry his sense of the privileges of superior rank to the point of a bold evasion of regulations whose equivalent would land an enlisted man in the military penitentiary. There is, for example, the rule forbidding an officer to employ a soldier as a personal servant during any time which should be given to official duties. The rule is evaded without any penalty attaching. The last case to come under my personal observation was where a private gave practically his entire time serving as cook, house-boy, and nurse-boy for the post commander.

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To keep their inferiority continually impressed upon the men, is, by most officers, considered to be for the good of the service. One of my earliest recollections is of a conversation between my own father and a fellow company commander, wherein it was agreed that the deterioration of "discipline," (among officers of the true type it is understood that discipline is always deteriorating), was due to pampering enlisted men with luxuries such as sheets and pillow slips. Yet I never remember having heard it suggested that it might be detrimental to the efficiency of officers that the Commissary Department should procure for their use imported delicacies such as Scotch marmalade and Russian caviar.

A well-known civilian aviator was speaking recently of the scandal at the army aviation field at San Diego—where deplorable conditions were kept hidden until the tragic death of several men and a young lieutenant brought them suddenly to light (only to be covered again from the startled and questioning eyes of the public, as soon as the official blanket could be hastened up to throw over them). In the course of his remarks he gave it as his experience that enlisted men cannot satisfactorily be taught to fly by officer instructors. "When a man is learning," he said, "he naturally likes, after a flight, to go over the machine with his instructor, to ask questions and discuss details which have attracted his notice. But few officers will allow such an approach to familiar intercourse. They think the private must be taught his place, and kept there. So when the plane alights, discussion is discouraged, and the student-soldier has no course but to put his heels together, salute, and take his departure—carrying his questions and perplexities with him."

It can hardly be supposed that the soldier is not restive under the conditions which confront him the moment he puts on the uniform—conditions which were either not represented at all, or misrepresented, when he was being prevailed upon to enlist. *He is not only restive, but commonly he is, at heart, if not actively, rebellious.*

Practically speaking, however, he has no redress for any but very grave wrongs. During the long term of his enlist-

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ment he has no course but to accept any and every petty annoyance or indignity put upon him. To leave the service is only possible if a man has money enough to buy his discharge —which seldom is the case. Attempting to escape by desertion is punishable by sentence to the military penitentiary. Nor, in punishing an erring enlisted man, is adequate allowance made for the fact that a purely military offense cannot present itself to him as being so serious as one which, in civil life, would merit imprisonment. I have in mind the bewildered rage of the last offender among private soldiers with whom I had speech. He had tried to desert and been captured and put into the guard-house (the small garrison prison). Knowing that, after his court-martial, a long incarceration would be before him, he took advantage of the carelessness of his guard to make another break for liberty. He was captured again, and while awaiting trial, obliged to do hard labor—involving hours of climbing steep embankments under the summer sun, while dragging on his feet a ponderous iron chain. His sentence was ten years in the bleak military prison at Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay. "And after ten years," he said to me, " I'll be a middle-aged man, kicked out into the world dishonorably discharged from the army. If I'd been a footpad or a gunman now——! But all I did was to try to get out of this."

It may be asked why, if the situation is as I have said, men re-enlist, frequently a number of times. There are a variety of reasons for this. At the end of his first term of enlistment a man is often far from the part of the country where he joined the army, and having no family near at hand and probably few or no friends among civilians in the neighborhood, his chances of obtaining work are not the best. He may, of course, avail himself of his right to be taken back, at government expense, to the place of his enlistment. But, for one reason or another, the possibility seldom appears desirable. He has a " sure thing " where he is, is ordinarily very comfortable and well provided for, and hesitates to try the fortunes of the " drifter " in the industrial world. There is to be considered, besides, the fact that the length of one

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enlistment in the army is enough to affect a man's self-reliance and self-confidence most unfavorably. For a number of years he has lived under routine and discipline and has been treated as an inferior, and he has acquired doubt of his own powers and initiative. What commonly happens, in first re-enlistments, is that the soldier leaves the garrison, intending to go back to civil life, that he searches the district for work, and not finding any—or any for which he feels suited—he wanders helplessly back to the place he has left and becomes again a private soldier. Once having gone through this experience it is easy to see why he may stay in the army to the end. A few men there are, to be sure, who find the life well enough to their liking, and who take their situation either unanalytically or with philosophy.

Then, too, there is a much pleasanter side to the relations of officers and men than might appear from what has been said. Many officers are excellent persons, having a strong sense of duty and of self-respect—qualities which other men, even though they be in the ranks, are bound to appreciate. Some, too, take a sincere and kindly interest in the welfare of the soldiers under them. Occasionally it happens that strong attachments exist between individuals, and continue over long years (a case, however, far more common in the "Old Army" of a couple of decades ago than under the present organization). But, at best, the relation is such as might have been expected to exist, in feudal times, between a lord and his loyal but subservient retainer.

The officer's sense of superiority to the civilian is not, in essence, the same as that which he feels toward the enlisted man. It is a combination of the belief that the methods of the citizens, who "don't obey no orders unless they is his own," are muddled and ineffectual; and of a sense that wherever the military interests and standards run counter to those of the civil population, the former should be allowed to prevail. A country, or world, conducted as a magnified garrison, so the army officer believes, would be highly desirable. That each and every man should have the right to

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pursue happiness after his own fashion, and work out his own salvation according to his personal predilections and the promptings of his own conscience, is a principle to which he cannot subscribe. I speak advisedly when I say that I have yet to know the army officer of intellect sufficiently detached from the conditions affecting his own profession to permit of his realizing that military discipline, routine and procedure are merely matters of restricted expediency—useful under special, limited conditions. Their importance, to him, is not relative and immediate, but positive and general.

"The President should *order* Congress to pass the bill," the last colonel with whom I discussed a certain political crisis, said to me. He was perhaps the most intelligent and well-informed officer of my acquaintance. Had he paused to weigh his words he could not, of course, so have expressed himself. But all unconsciously his true bias of mind was betrayed. And it is the bias of mind of the whole army.

The right of American principles to take precedence over the traditions of the service, an officer never, in his heart, admits. There will be remembered, perhaps, the rather recent case of the enlisted man who won the right to be given a commission, having passed the necessary examinations most creditably and met all the requirements as to personal character and conduct. This man's father was a tailor who did work for the people on the post. Because of this fact, the private's promotion was blocked by his officers. He could not obtain the commission he had earned, and he could not find out why. Finally, by a roundabout and unofficial route, he was able to get the matter to the attention of the President. And the commission, if I recall rightly, was bestowed. The newspapers learned of the affair and gave it considerable publicity—with comments not flattering to the Army. Civilian reporters and editors had only condemnation for the position taken by the officers. Yet, the system of the service being what it is, there undoubtedly were very real objections to having the tailor's son in a position where he would have to associate with the officers and their families—or else be sent to Coventry.

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It is no easy matter to speak with certainty as to the efficiency of an institution which can be compared with nothing else. In the business of "soldiering" the army has no competitors. The Militia and National Guard organizations —which it holds in unmixed contempt—cannot justly be brought into any sort of comparison. One may come to some partial conclusion, perhaps, by considering the performance of those branches of the service whose activities are the same as are sometimes carried forward by civilians. And one thinks, immediately of course, of the fine record made by the Medical Department in the unhealthy districts of our dependencies. But civilian bodies of medical men have also achieved, elsewhere, very excellent results—and that, too, without having the incalculable assistance of the whole force of a government behind their efforts.

There is, as well, the work of the Engineer Department. "Here, at least," it may be said, "there can be no question of the magnitude and quality of achievement." But faith so serene in this branch of the service can only be held by one who is not an initiate of the mysteries, by one to whom the inner workings of the affairs of that imposing corps are not familiar.

To the average civilian it is not known that most of the actual engineering work, both theoretical and practical, of the U. S. Engineers is carried forward by the "assistant" and "junior" engineers who are part of the force of each "district" of the department. These assistants and juniors are civilians, who, toiling without honor or glory, give lustre to the reputation of the officers. A young Lieutenant of Engineers, too well aware of my own familiarity with the facts to attempt pretense, confessed to me, not long ago, that practically all the fine figuring as well as the actual construction of the works accredited to the Engineering Department had been done by the civilian engineers. But it is not in the code of the engineer officer that he shall give credit publicly where credit is due. "These buckets which I invented," casually remarked a Major of Engineers, the other day, pointing with pride to a row of concrete containers. And I smiled within

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me as I recalled the confidences of the "junior" engineer who had actually been responsible for the buckets, and his account of the difficulty with which he had persuaded the major to allow him to have just one built, on trial. The officer had been very certain they would not serve. Directly they had proved successful, he had adopted them as the children of his own brain. And it was no exceptional attitude on his part, but an accepted manifestation of the intense corps-spirit.

The methods of this department with civilian employees —it may be said in passing—illustrate more typically than all else the army attitude toward the civilian. Some there may be who recall the internationally famous case of an engineer officer who, a number of years ago, was convicted of very grave financial irregularities—involving, indeed, large sums—in connection with a dredging contract in a certain harbor. Tradition has it that the "assistant" engineer who drew the attention of the Engineer Department to what was going forward was instantly discharged. The course of action was in accord with that habitually taken. Twice within as many years I myself have known civilians to be dismissed immediately by engineer officers for having called attention to conditions which reflected discreditably upon the administrative and professional ability of those officers.

The conditions were remedied—in so far as possible, and as inconspicuously as could be managed—but the civilian who had presumed to criticize unfavorably the conduct of an army officer was not reinstated.

This, to be sure, is a digression from the main question as to whether or not the work of the army engineers is sufficiently superior to that of other civil engineers to constitute a justification of the principles of our army. But—aside from the fact that, as I have stated, nearly all of the actual engineering is done by civilians—it will not stand the test of reason that the officers of the Engineer Corps *should* be especially efficient. With them, more than with officers of the other branches of the service, obtains the principle of exemption from the common lot. The cadet who graduates

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from his class at West Point with honors sufficient to qualify him for a lieutenancy in the Engineer Corps, has had only the most theoretical training, and it is the very exceptional case, if ever he gets any other. The spirit of the service presumes him to be above descending to the actual experiences of construction which civilian engineers are expected to have had before they attain to positions of command and responsibility.

An Engineer Corps based on these principles, obviously could not long retain its prestige save for the complaisance of the civilian engineers who support it. And, on the wider issue, the same argument applies. The prestige of the United States Army can only last so long as the civilian population is complaisant—and uninterested—enough to accept it at its own valuation.

But that the civilian population is ceasing so to accept it, there have, of late, been many signs.

That an army can be successful by all military standards, when founded on principles in accord with democratic theories of government, the soldiers of France have proved before the eyes of the world. If France has succeeded in evolving an army in the spirit of democracy, so too can we. The lesson of what she has accomplished in this respect—and the lesson, somewhat on the same order, which has been taught to England by the Colonial volunteers—have done much to alter, in America, the idea that an efficient military establishment can only be maintained in a spirit of absolutism—of class consciousness and segregation.

And now, belatedly, *it is becoming apparent even to certain army officers that something must be done if the army is to survive at all. They have had an extreme and unpleasant surprise in the fact that a decree of Congress announcing that the army was to be enlarged has not resulted in enlargement to even half the number contemplated.* They had fondly supposed that it would be enough for the Government to announce that men might enlist as privates, and that recruiting offices would be crowded. *There was something half pathetic, half ludicrous in the preparations made by recruit-*

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ing stations to "accommodate the rush," and in the bewilderment of the army when the rush failed to occur. But it is the citizen's lack of patriotism upon which officers are disposed to put the blame—and by no means upon their own lack of Americanism.

Any officer of ordinary perspicacity might have foreseen the outcome had he been willing—intellectually or able—squarely to face the truth.

And the truth, broadly stated, is that year after year, decade after decade, the enlisted men have harbored resentment of the conditions under which they serve; and that they have made no secret of this resentment when in the company of their civilian associates. *Little by little the ill-repute of the service has spread among the class from which enlistments are expected. And for long it has been looked upon as the last resort of the unfortunate or unsuccessful to enter the regular Army of the United States.*

So it will continue to be considered, moreover, until the service shall have been altered from its very foundation, until its essential principles shall have been changed, until it shall have been brought into accord with our national character, and made an integral part of our national institution.

Yet all this will never be until the army officer has come to regard himself, not as a member of a specially privileged and empowered group—responsible only to that group and properly estimated only by its standards—but as a citizen of a democratic country, in the service of the country—and only rightfully, in its service so long as its principles and its interests are his primary consideration.

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LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE

By A British Army Officer

(*Concluded*)

Letter XXI

THE next day, our C. O. sent for O. C. Companies, and the Peacemaker took me along when he went, as I'd been over the ground, and he guessed the pow-wow would be about the new trench. The C. O. told us all about it, and what the ideas of the authorities were. He said it was the sort of job which might possibly prove costly in lives. But it had got to be done, and he was of opinion that if everyone concerned made up his mind never for a moment to relax the care and watchfulness he would use in the first half hour, the job might be done with comparatively few casualties. He talked longer than he generally does, and I think he felt what he said a good deal.

"I know very well none of you would ever show fear," he said; "and I think you are satisfied that your N. C. O.'s and the men will never fail you in that respect. But, remember, your greatest asset is the confidence the men have in you. Never do anything to endanger that. If you use all the care and judgment you can, and if each one of your men understands exactly what the job before him is; and if your influence is such as to prevent anyone losing his head, no matter what happens; then the casualty list will be low! Every casualty you prevent on a job like this, is better than an enemy casualty gained! When we have to lose our men, let us lose them fighting, as they themselves would choose to go down, if go down they must! But in this job of the new trench, we pit our wits and our coolness and discipline and efficiency against those of the Boche; and it is your job to see to it that the job is carried through at the minimum cost in man-power."

He said other things, of course, but that was the gist of it; and I think we were all impressed. He's a martinet, all

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right, is our C. O.; and, as you know, his tongue is a two-edged sword. He is as stern a man as I ever knew; but, by gad, he's just; and, above and before all else he is so emphatically a man.

Well, the upshot of our plans was that "A" Company was to provide the covering party, and be responsible for the tactical aspects of the show, and "C" Company—all miners and farm workers—with our Platoon of "D," was to do the digging, for a start, anyhow. The R. E. were to run the wire entanglement right along the front of the new line; and that was to be the first operation. It was obvious, of course, that as much as possible must be done during the first night; since, once he had seen the job, as he would directly daylight came, the Boche might be relied on to make that line tolerably uncomfortable for any one working near it without cover.

While we were out of trenches that week our fellows were pretty busy during the first half of each night, carrying material to the front line. There was a good number of miles of barbed wire to go up, with hundreds of iron screw standards for the wire, and hundreds more of stakes; quite a lot of material altogether, and I am bound to say I think the R. E. arranged it very well. They had all their material so put together, and so stowed up at the front, as to make for the maximum of convenience and the minimum of delay when they came to handle it in the open, and under fire—as men always must be when doing anything in No Man's Land.

Our men were bursting with swank over the Company being chosen to act as covering party; delighted to think that what they regarded as the combatant side of the show was theirs. Indeed, I rather think a lot of them made up their minds that they were going to utilize the opportunity of having a couple of hundred men out close to the Boche trenches, for a real strafe of the men in those trenches. The Peacemaker had to get 'em together and talk very seriously and straight about just what our responsibilities were on this job. This was necessary to make the beggars realize that ours was a defensive and not an offensive stunt; in which success or

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failure depended mainly upon our ability to be perfectly silent.

"All the scrapping will come later," said the Peacemaker. "We mustn't invite one single bullet, while we've a couple of hundred men behind us using picks and shovels, and working against time to get cover. If Boches come along our line, it will be our job to strafe 'em with our naked fingers if we possible can. The last thing we'll do will be to fire a shot. And the one thing that must not happen, not in any old case at all; no, not if the whole Prussian Guard turns out; is for a single Boche in any circumstances whatever to get through our line."

And that was the basis on which we tackled the job. Of course, the O. C. knew better than to try and handle his Company as a Company, on the night. Orders could only be given in whispers, you understand. As a matter of fact, in all such work as in night attacks, one must be able to rely, not alone on Platoon Sergeants and senior N. C. O.'s, but on Corporals and Section Commanders. And if they have not been trained so that you can rely on them carrying out instructions exactly, one's chances of success are pretty small.

It was dark soon after five, and by a quarter to six we were moving out into the open. One and two Platoons went out down Stinking Sap, myself in command, and three and four Platoons went out from just a little way above Petticoat Lane. I led my lot and the Peacemaker led the other half-company, the idea being that when he and I met we should know that we were in our right position, and could stay there. We moved with about three paces interval between men, and kept three or four connecting files out on our inside flank and a couple on the outer flank; the business of the inside men being to steer us at an average distance of forty paces to the front of the foremost line of pegs, which, you know, was the line to be followed by the barbed-wire entanglements; the line of the new trench, itself, being well inside that again.

This meant that one flank of our line, just above Petti-

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coat Lane, would rest within 150 yards of the Boche front trench, and the other flank about 225 yards. We had drilled the whole business very carefully into the men themselves, as well as the Section Commanders and Sergeants. We got out on our line without a sound; and then the Peacemaker made his way back to Stinking Sap to report to Captain ——, of the R. E. that we had taken on the duty of protection, and were all ready for his men to go ahead. He marched his carriers out then, stringing them along the whole line, and his Company set to work putting up the screen of wire entanglements behind our line.

This whole business has given me a lot of respect for the R. E.; a respect which I think is pretty generally felt all through the Service. The way they planned and carried out that wiring job was fine. No talk, and no finnicking, once they were in the open; every last peg and length of binding wire in its right place; sandbags at hand to fold over anything that needed hammering; every man told off in advance, not just to make himself as generally useful as he could, but quite definitely to screw in standards, or drive in stakes, or fix pegs, or carry along the rolls of wire, or strain the stays, or lace in the loose stuff, as the case might be. Every man knew precisely what his particular part was, and went straight at it, without a word to or from anyone.

Meanwhile, I was working carefully along from end to end of our line, checking up the intervals, altering a man's position where necessary, and making sure that all our men were properly in touch, and keeping their right line; watching out well, and making no sound. Nobody in our lot moved, except the officers. All the others lay perfectly still. We kept moving up and down in front the whole time; except when flares were up, or machine gun fire sweeping across our way; and then, of course, we dropped as flat as we could.

But no machine gun spoke on that sector; not once, while the wire was going up. Before half-past seven, the Peacemaker came along to me with orders to lead my men off to Stinking Sap. The wiring was finished. There had been

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a hundred-and-fifty men at it; and at that moment, the last of 'em was entering Stinking Sap—casualties nil.

The Peacemaker marched his half-company round the end of the wire above Petticoat Lane, and I took mine round the end in front of Stinking Sap-head. Then we wheeled to the rear of the new wire entanglement, and marched out again, immdiately in rear of it, till the Peacemaker and I met, as we had previously met in front. So we took up our second and final position, and got down to it exactly as we had done in the first position.

When the O. C. reported that we were in position, "C" Company marched out, half from each end of the line; under their own officers, but with the O. C. R. E. in command, and his officers helping. They were at three yards' interval. There was a peg for every man, and the first operation was for each man to dig a hole in which he could take cover. It had all been thought out beforehand, of course, and every man knew just what to do. Their instructions were to dig just as hard as ever they knew how—but silently—till they got cover. All the sections were working against each other, and the O. C. Company was giving prizes for the first, second and third sections, in order of priority, to get underground.

We couldn't see them, of course, and had all the occupation we cared for, thank you, in looking after our line. I was glad to find, too, that we could only hear them when we listened. They were wonderfully quiet. It's a wet clay soil, you know; and they had been carefully drilled never to let one tool touch another. I am told they went at it like tigers, and that the earth fairly flew from their shovels. In our line there wasn't a sound, and every man's eyes were glued on his front.

The evening had been amazingly quiet; nothing but desultory rifle fire, and unusually little of that. At a quarter to nine, a Boche machine gun dead opposite the center of my half-company, began to traverse our line—his real objective, of course, being, not our line, but the line of trench, the old fire-trench, in our rear. I know now that at that

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moment the slowest of "C's" diggers was underground. That burst of fire did not get a single man; not a scratch.

A fine rain, very chilling, began to fall now, and got less fine as time went on. The wind rose a bit, too, and drove the rain in gusts in our faces. By good luck it was coming from the Boche trenches. At half-past ten they sent over ten or twelve whiz-bangs, all of which landed in rear of our old front line, except two that hit its parapet. Rifle fire was a little less desultory now, but nothing to write home about. They gave us an occasional belt or two from their machine guns, but all our men were lying flat, and all the diggers were below ground; so there was nothing to worry about in that.

By half-past eleven, I confess I was feeling deuced tired. I had been creeping up and down the line for over five hours, but it wasn't that. One spends vitality; it somehow oozes out of you, on such a job. I never wanted anything in my life so much as I wanted to get my half-company through that job without casualties. And there was one thing I wanted even more than that; to make absolutely certain no prowling Boche patrol got through my bit of the line.

Down on our flank at The Gut, there were half a dozen little bombing shows between six and midnight; and one bigger scrap, when the Hun exploded a mine, and made a good try to occupy its crater; but, as we learned next day, was hammered out of it, after some pretty savage hand-to-hand work. Farther away on the other flank, the Boche artillery were unusually busy, and, at intervals, sent over bursts of heavy stuff, the opening salvos of which rather jangled one's nerves. You see "A" Company could have been extinguished in a very few minutes, if Boche had known enough to go about it in the right way.

If only one enterprising Boche, working on his own—a sniper, anybody—without getting through our line, just gets near enough to make out that it is a line, and then gets back to his own trenches—our little game will be up, I thought. It wasn't restful. The men were getting pretty stiff, as you may guess, lying still in the wet, hour after hour.

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At half-past two, the Peacemaker came along and whispered to me to take my men in: "Finished for tonight."

I wasn't sorry. I put my senior Sergeant on to lead, and myself brought up the rear. I was, of course, the last to get into Stinking Sap, and my Platoon Sergeant was waiting for me there to tell me that not one of our men had a scratch; nor yet a single man of "C" Company. One man of No. 3 Platoon, in the Peacemaker's half-company, had a bullet through his shoulder; a Blighty, no more. And that was our record.

But, look here, I absolutely must stop and censor some of the Platoon's letters, before turning in. I'll write again as soon as ever I can, and tell you the rest of it. However —a trench nearly 800 yards long, wire entanglements in front; casualties, one man wounded! Nobody felt much happier about it than your "Temporary Gentleman."

LETTER XXII

In my last letter, I think I told you all about our first night's work on the new trench; how it was cut, and the wire entanglements run out, between six in the evening and half-past two in the morning; and the casualty list just one man wounded! It may not seem anything much to you, but to us it seemed almost miraculous. I think the Powers that Be would have been quite pleased with us if we had managed it with, say thirty or forty casualties.

Two-and-a-half hours or so later, round about five o'clock, although you would have thought we should all be pretty tired, as no doubt we were (though not so tired, I fancy, as we mostly felt at midnight), everyone was interested in turning out for the morning Stand-to. We were all anxious to watch Mr. Boche's first glimpse of our night's work; not that we could see the expression on the faces of the Germans, or hear their comments; but we could imagine a good deal of it, and wanted to see just what happened, anyhow.

A few sentry groups had been posted along the new line when we came in from it at half-past two; but these

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were withdrawn at the first glimmerings of coming dawn; since we could watch the front as closely from the original fire-trench, and it was possible, of course, that Fritz might just plaster the new line with shrap and whizzes and so on, as soon as he clapped eyes on it.

I was watching before the first greying of the dawn, from a sniper's post, pretty close to the Boche line, down near the beginning of Petticoat Lane. The first thing I made out when the light was still only very faint, was the head of a sentry raised well above the parapet level, as he stared out at the nearest bit of our new wire. I turned half round and grabbed a rifle from a man in the trench; but the Boche had disappeared when I looked round again. Then the idea struck me—perhaps he'll bring an officer to look; a sergeant, anyhow. So I drew a very careful bead on that spot, and got my rifle comfortably settled on a mud rest.

Sure enough, in a couple of minutes that sentry's head bobbed up again in the same spot. I held my fire; waiting on the officer theory. And, next moment, another head rose beside the sentry's, and came up a good deal less cautiously. I won't swear to its being an officer, of course; because I couldn't see well enough to tell that. But I think it very likely was. Anyhow, I had him most perfectly covered when I fired, and they both disappeared on the instant and never showed up again; so I am practically certain I got the second one. He was visible down to about his third tunic button, you see, and with a resting rifle, I don't think I could miss at that range. It wasn't more than 120, if that; sights at zero, of course.

It really was rather thrilling, that Stand-to. We had all our machine guns ready, and traversed Fritz's parapet very thoroughly. Upon my word, in the fluster of that first daylight minute or two, with the new wire under his nose, I believe Fritz thought we were going to make a dawn attack. I never saw so many Boches expose themselves. As a rule they are really a good deal better than we are, in the matter of keeping out of sight; they take far fewer chances. But they didn't seem able to help looking, this time, and our

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snipers did pretty well. So did the machine guns, I think. I don't see how they could have helped it.

Then the Boche got his machine guns to work, and poured thousands of rounds all along our front; a regular machine gun bombardment; for which he got precisely nothing at all; none of our people being exposed. But can't you imagine the excitement in the Boche line? The evening before, they had seen our line exactly as usual. In the night, they had apparently heard and suspected nothing. And now, with the first morning light, they saw a line of brand new wire entanglement, and a new trench line, that must have looked most amazingly close to them, and actually was in parts an advance of four hundred yards from the old line. And then the length of it—just on eight hundred yards. It certainly must have startled 'em.

We quite thought they'd start lambasting Old Harry out of the new line at any moment. But they didn't. I guess they had sense enough to conclude that we had nobody out there. But during the forenoon, Master Boche registered on the new line at several points; about twenty rounds of whizzes and H. E.; just to encourage us with regard to our work for the night, I suppose. And beyond that we didn't go—dignified silence. But I bet he was pretty mad to think of all he'd missed. During the afternoon, Fritz sent a couple of planes up, I daresay with cameras, to get a record of the new lines. But our Archibalds in the rear made it so hot for them, I don't think they got any snap-shots.

When "A" Company filed out at six o'clock that night to take up protective duty along the new wire, as before, while the new trench was proceeded with, I think we might have been excused for feeling a bit creepy. I can't say just how the men felt, but I confess I had made up my mind that my own chances of getting back were tolerably thin. One must move about a good bit to do one's job properly, and keep touch with a hundred men strung out over three hundred yards of ground in pitch darkness. As a matter of fact, it was barely dark when we filed out. We daren't leave it a minute later in case a strong Boche patrol should have

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worked inside our line, and been waiting for the working party when it came out, with bombs. We simply had to be beforehand with 'em; and there was no getting away from the fact that the Boche had had all day in which to study this new line of ours, and make his plans. I say I don't know how our men were feeling. I do know they were cracking little jokes among themselves about it, before we left the Sap.

"This way for motor ambulances!" "Change here for Blighty, and the Rest Cure!" "Where'll you have yours, matey?" I heard plenty of remarks like that, as I worked my way down Stinking Sap to get to the head of my lot before we moved out. "You'll be all right," said one of mine to a "C" Company man, as he entered the Sap. "Mister blooming Fritz can't get at you with 'A' Company out in front; you take it from me. We'll twist his tail properly if he does come." The "C" men were for digging again.

It is impossible for an officer to feel shaky, however slight his experience, when he has men like ours to work with.

It wasn't exactly a proper trench that "C" Company went to work in that night. There were stretches which were almost finished; and then again there were other lengths where it was just a chain of holes, linked together by bits a yard or two long in which the surface only had been shifted, just to mark out the trace of the new line. But every man was able to get into cover right away, even in the worst bits, because of these holes; and then, being in a hole, his job was to cut his way along into the next hole just as quick as his strength would allow him. The trench was dug narrow; not a quarter the width of the old trenches we have occupied. This doesn't make for comfort in getting to and fro; but it does give far safer cover from every kind of projectile; and especially from the deadly shrap, and the slippery whizz.

While "C" slogged away at making connection right through, we lay out by the wire, as we had done the night before, and I crept up and down our line. There was no rain, and the night was so quiet that we could hear every little move among the diggers, much more plainly than on the

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night before. I wondered if the Boches could hear it. They sent us little bursts of machine gun fire now and again, such as they send throughout every night; and there was the normal amount of rifle fire; and the normal number of flares and different kinds of lights going up from the enemy lines. Our men all lay as still as mutton, and when the lights rose near our way, or the m. g. fire came, I naturally kept very still.

Once, I distinctly made out a figure moving very slowly and cautiously outside the wire. I should have liked to have fired, and, better still, I should have liked to have been able to get quickly and silently through the wire and on to that moving figure, getting to grips, as we did with that German sniper not long since, without a sound. But there was no opening in the wire near, and with regard to firing, my orders were not to draw fire by expending a single round unnecessarily; and to fire only in defence. What I did was to get the O. C.'s permission shortly afterwards to take three men and patrol beyond the front of the wire. But we found nothing. No doubt I had seen one member of a Boche observation patrol, on the prowl to find out what we were doing; and if only I could have got him it would have been excellent. From that time on we kept a continuous patrol going in front of the wire.

Then came a salvo of four whizz-bangs, all landing fairly near the new trench; three in rear of it, and one most infernally close in front of us. I suppose we all told ourselves the ball was just about to begin. But nothing happened for over an hour. Then came nine shells in quick succession, one of which, on my left, robbed my half Company of four men, one killed and three wounded. The rest accomplished nothing. Then silence again, followed by occasional bursts of m. g. and the usual sort of rifle fire. Corporal Lane, of No. 2 Platoon, stopped an m. g. bullet with his left shoulder, I regret to say, and one man in the trench—" C " Company—was killed by a bullet through the head.

With every little burst of fire, one braced oneself for the big strafe that we naturally felt must come. It seemed the

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Boche was playing with us, as a cat plays with a mouse. "I wonder what deviltry he has got up his sleeve!" We probably all asked ourselves that question fifty times.

At two o'clock, there wasn't a break anywhere in the new line. It was a connected trench throughout, and nowhere less than six feet deep; with two communicating trenches leading back to our original front line. At three o'clock, the word came along that the working party had been withdrawn, and that I was to take my men in. As before, we left a few sentry groups, to be relieved at dawn by fresh sentries, since the new line was now to be guarded by day and manned by night.

And that was the end of it. I got my men all safely in. Half an hour later, the Boche sent over another ten or a dozen shells on the new line, and once again before dawn he did the same; with the usual periodical bursts of m. g. fire and dropping rifle fire during the rest of the time. And nothing more. Wasn't it extraordinary? When he had had a whole day to think about it and must have known we should be at work there that night. Possibly, however, in his crafty way, he assumed we should not go near the new line that second night, for fear of strafing; and held his hand for that reason. And, possibly, our General assumed he'd think that, and acted accordingly. But there it is. We got our work done at next to no cost.

I was going to tell you about the rumors as to our push to straighten out the line. But my time is up. That will have to wait for my next letter. We are having an easy time now, but there were no free minutes last week. You'll hear again soon, from your "Temporary Gentleman."

LETTER XXIII

You are quite right in saying that I don't feel much interest in political affairs at home, these days. The fact is we do not often see the newspapers, and when we see them there isn't much time for really reading them, or giving much consideration to what they say. The War news is interesting, of course; but all this endless talky-talky business; why,

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I can hardly tell you how queerly it strikes us, out here. You see we are very close to concrete realities all the time, and to us it seems the talky-talky people are most amazingly remote from realities of any kind. They seem to us to be very much interested in shadows, notions, fads, fancies and considerations of interest which we think were washed from existence by the very beginning of the War. They even seem to be able to strive mightily and quarrel virulently over discussion of the principles and abstractions involved in things they propose to do when the War is over.

M-m-m-m-m-m! Seems to us the thing is to get it over; and in the right way. No, we are not much interested in the political situation. The tangible realities of the situation out here seem to us very pressing; pressing enough to demand all the energies and all the attention; every atom of the strength of all the people of the British race; without any wastage over more remote things; abstractions; things ante and post bellum. Here in France I can assure you men, women and children are all alike in that they have no life outside the war. Every thought, every act, everything is in and for the war. The realities are very close here.

One thing in that last letter of yours especially pleases me. "We have now got to the point in England at which all the people of both sexes who are worth their salt are busy at war work of one kind or another."

That's excellent. Well, now rope in the ones who are not "worth their salt." You'll find they're all right, once they're roped in. I don't believe in this idea of some people not being worth their salt; not in England, anyhow. The stock is too good. You know the type of hoodlum who, with licks of hair plastered over his forehead, seems to spend his days leaning against a lamp-post. The fellow I mean has a perfectly beastly habit of spitting over everything in sight, when riding on top of a 'bus, for instance. Despised by decent men, he's a real terror to decent women. Same type, I suppose as the Apache of Paris. Every big city breeds them.

Well, all I want to tell you about this gentleman is, never to run away with the notion that he can't be worth his

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salt. All he needs is to be taught the meaning of authority. It's only a matter of months; even weeks. With my own eyes I have watched the process at work. Nobody will ever again be able to delude me about it. In a country like ours there are no people "not worth their salt." The worst type of man we've got only needs a few months in a battalion like ours, during the training period to learn the meaning of authority; and, by means of discipline, to have his latent manhood developed. It is there all right. Only he'll never develop it of his own accord. Authority must be brought to bear. The Army method is the quickest and best. In a few months it makes these fellows men, and thundering good men, at that. Worth their salt! They're worth their weight in—well, to take something real and good; say in 'baccy and cartridges—real men, and real fighters.

Out here in billets, we get a deal more information about things generally than ever reaches us in the line. All the rumors come our way; and, among them, here and there, I daresay, hints of the truth. We know that out there in the new trench we cut, no dug-outs are being made. There's no evidence of any intention really to inhabit that new front line. It is just fully manned by night, and held by a few sentry groups in the day. (It's a deuce of a job getting along it by night, when it's full of men. Being kept so narrow, for safety's sake, there are not many places where you can pass men; so you have to get along somehow over their heads or between their legs. Oh, it's great going, on a wet night!) And this, in our eyes, is proof positive of the truth of the rumor which says we are to use it almost immediately as a jumping off place, in a push designed to strengthen and straighten our front line by cutting off that diabolical corner of the Boche line opposite the Gut; to wash out The Gut, in fact, altogether; putting it behind our front line, with all its blood-soaked craters.

I don't think I ought to write much about it, though I suppose the Censor won't mind, so long as I mention no places, or names to indicate the part of the front we're on. But, in effect, if we can take five or six hundred yards of

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Boche trenches here, the gain to us, apart altogether from strategic considerations, will be equivalent to at least a mile. It's much more than just that, really, because it means getting a very advantageous and commanding position in exchange for a very exposed and deadly one; depriving Boche of a great advantage, and gaining a great advantage for ourselves. Even the lesser of the two possible schemes, concerning less than two hundred yards of Boche front, would give us all that. But the general opinion seems to be that we are to tackle the larger scheme, involving the seizure of a good mile or more of Boche front. We all think we know, and we none of us know anything, really.

But I must clear out. We have a new issue of improved gas-helmets, and I've got to see to dishing them out. Then, every man will have two anti-gas helmets and one pair of anti-lachrymatory gas-goggles. We are also renewing our emergency or " iron " ration—and that all looks like a push, and is therefore exhilarating.

Later.

Great and glorious news! The push is a fact. I mustn't say which day, and, just in case this letter fell into wrong hands, I think I'll hold it back, and not post just yet. The main thing is we are to push; and we are jolly well going to wipe out that Boche corner. It is the lesser of the two schemes; a local affair pure and simple; so I suppose you'll learn next to nothing about it from dispatches. You know our British way in the matter of official dispatches. The British have no shop window at all. One ought to be glad of it, I suppose. Ours is the safer, better, more dignified way, no doubt; and it certainly never raises any hopes doomed to possible disappointment. At the back of my mind I approve it all right. But, as touching ourselves, one cannot help wishing the dispatches would give you news of our show. Of course, it won't.

"The night was quiet on the remainder of the Front." " Some elements of trenches changed hands in the neighborhood of——, the advantage being with us." That's the sort of thing. At least, I hope it'll read that way.

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We've got a mighty lot to wipe out in this little push. It isn't only such little scraps of discomfort as we suffered, nor yet the few men we lost there. But, French and British, month in and month out, for many a long day and night, we've been using up good men and true in that bloody, shell-torn corner. Why, there's not a yard of its churned-up soil that French and Englishmen haven't suffered on. We've all that to wipe out; all that, and a deal more that I can't tell you about. I'll only tell you that I intend to get through it Every man in the Battalion means real business—just as much as any of the chaps who fought under Nelson and Wellington, believe me. So, whatever you do, be under no sort of anxiety about your "Temporary Gentleman."

P. S.—Seeing that you and I, and all our lot, never have known anything about military matters before this war came, I think it may interest you, as it interests me, to know that I have never seen the Company as a whole jollier, or in higher spirits than it is with this job before it; and, do you know, I never felt happier, myself; never. I feel this makes it worth while to be alive, and fit; more worth while than it ever was in civil life, before.

LETTER XXIV

Clearing Station.

The address at the head of this paper will be quite a shock to you, if you know what it means. I hasten to say that I am perfectly all right, really. "Clearing Station." Perhaps it won't have the ominous look to you that "Hospital" would, though it means the same thing. But the point is I am all right. I told you I'd get through, and I have. The fact that I'm lying in bed here—in luxurious comfort—is only an incident. I am quite safe and perfectly all right.

They tell me here that directly an officer is wounded, information to that effect is sent home to his people. Well, I hope you will get this word from me, first; and accept my

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assurance that there's nothing to worry about. These good folk here will put me as right as ninepence in no time; and I hope very shortly to be back with the Company, and in the new line.

It was shrapnel, and got me in the left leg, and a bit in the right arm, just when I was most wanting the use of both of them. I hope they haven't told you I'm going to lose my leg, or anything; because I'm not. The surgeon here—a first-rate chap, and a spendid surgeon—has told me all about it; and my leg will very soon be as good as ever.

This is just a line to let you know I am perfectly all right. I'll write and tell you all about it tomorrow.

I wonder if the dispatches will have told you anything. The push was splendid. We've got that corner, and the Gut is well behind our front line now.

* * * *

(Censor)

My letter of yesterday will have assurred you that I am all right; nothing at all to worry about. I meant to have written you fully today about the push. But we've been busy. The suregon has been cleaning me up, getting rid of useless souvenirs; and it seems I'm better keeping pretty still and quiet today. Shall be out and about all the quicker. This is a perfectly heavenly place, where you don't hear a vestige of gun-fire, and everything is sweet and clean, quiet and easy; no responsibility; no anything but comfort. What a luxurious loaf I'm having! I'll write tomorrow.

* * * *

I'm going ahead like a house afire; but so confoundedly lazy, you'd hardly believe it. I suppose this pencil will be legible; though it hardly looks it, to me. As I say, I'm too lazy for words; simply wallowing in comfort and cleanliness. Thought I would just pencil a line now, so that you would know I was perfectly all right; and then I can write properly tomorrow.

* * * *

Another lazy day. I really ought to be at work, you know, so well and fit I am. But I just laze here in this de-

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lightful bed, and watch the busy orderlies and sisters flitting to and fro, as though I were in a dream, and other folk had to do all the world's work. The good old Peacemaker has come in to see me, and is writing this for me; chiefly because of my laziness, and partly that I like to spare you the work of deciphering the hieroglyphics I make with my left hand. The right arm is pretty good, but it seems I'll get it entirely sound again rather quicker by not using it just now; and it's rather jolly to have one's O. C. Company working for one in this way.

He says that while I was about it I was a duffer not to get a real Blighty, and so have a holiday and come and see you all. As a fact, I've no doubt he is profoundly grateful that he will not be robbed of my invaluable services for long. "A" Company was relieved last night by a Company of the ....., in our new trenches; the trenches that used to belong to Mister Boche; so our fellows are having a bit of a rest now, I'm glad to say. Not the luxurious rest I'm having, of course; but something to be going on with.

I meant to tell you a whole lot of things, but for the laziness that makes me so greedy for naps and dozes. Also, they say visitors have to leave now, and the Peacemaker has a good way to ride. I'll write properly tomorrow. Meantime, the Peacemaker is good enough to say he will write you tonight particulars as to how I got my scratches; so I won't ask him to write any more now. He will carry this on, himself, when he gets back tonight—while I laze and sleep.

* * * *

As promised, I am adding a few lines to this, for our good friend. I have not yet told him, but as a fact, I am the only unwounded officer in "A" Company at the moment, and we were relieved last night in order that we might reorganize. Lieut. Morgan, "Taffy" was killed I grieve to say, in the beginning of the advance; and our casualties for the Company were thirty-two killed, and seventy-eight wounded. It's a terrible price, of course, but you will understand that a big loss was inevitable in our Company, when I tell you that we not only led the advance, but led it from the notorious

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Petticoat Lane, where the front is extraordinarily difficult to cross. We were very proud to be chosen for the lead, and compared with the net gain for the line, our loss is small, really. Indeed, if the entire casualties in the whole advance are weighed up against the position won, I believe I am right in saying that the cost was quite remarkably low. The gain in the line is immense, and there is not the smallest chance of the Boche taking it back again, because, although our bombardment knocked his trenches about pretty badly, they were very strong trenches indeed to begin with, very strongly placed and favorably sited; and, since our occupation, we have worked day and night to make of the corner practically a fortified position; and, too, one from which we can punish the Boche pretty severely on both flanks. I think this gain will lead to other gains before long, in this sector. Our information is that the Boche casualties were very heavy. However, I did not mean to run on like this with regard to the military aspect. It is our friend you will want to hear about.

Now, in the first place I should like to be allowed to say, what you perhaps have guessed, that he is a very fine and a very valuable officer. I am not a bad judge, not only because I command his Company, but because, unlike himself, I am not quite without military knowledge of the kind that came before the War; having a good many years behind me of service as a volunteer, and then as a Territorial, down to within seven months of the beginning of things, when I joined this Service Battalion. And I have no hesitation in saying that our friend is a fine and valuable officer. I know that a big share of any credit due for the fine training and discipline of our Company, which is I think admitted to be the crack Company, of the best Battalion in the Brigade, is due, not to me, but to the Commander of our No. 1 Platoon. It is a very great loss to me to have him laid aside now; but I am so thankful his life is spared, that I have no regret to waste over his being wounded. But I do very sincerely hope that he will be able to return to us; to the reorganized "A" Company, for I have never met an officer I would sooner

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have beside me. The men of the Platoon, and, indeed, of the whole Company, are devoted to him; and I regard it as little short of marvellous that in so comparatively short a time, a man who had never had even the slightest hint of any military training should have been able to become so all round efficient, so well-posted technically, and above all, so confident and absolutely successful a leader of men. For that has been his greatest asset: that his men will go anywhere with him, do anything for him, trust him without the slightest reserve or doubt.

You doubtless know more about his character than I do, but I venture to say that the character you know has been wonderfully developed by the War, and by his military training. He may have been the most lovable of men before, but I cannot believe that he was anything like so strong a man, or so able a man. Confidence, fearlessness, decisiveness—strength, in fact; these qualities I am sure have developed greatly in him, since he joined. I sometimes think there is nothing more wonderful in all this wonderful period of the War, than the amazing development it has brought in the thousands of young Englishmen, who now are capable and efficient officers, loved and trusted by their men, and as able in every way as any officers the British Army ever had; although the great majority of them have no military tradition behind them, and, before August 1914, had no military training. That really is wonderful, and I deliberately believe that no other race or nation in the wide world could have produced the same thing. The men, fine as they are, might have been produced elsewhere; or something like them. But this apparently inexhaustible supply of fine and efficient officers—no: I think not.

The newspapers will have told you something of our little push, and I will not trouble you with any technical detail. We advanced over a very narrow front, after a short but intense bombardment. Our friend led the right half of "A," because I did not want to rob his own Platoon of his immediate influence. His is No. 1. The pace was pretty hot, despite the terribly torn and treacherous nature of the

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ground. The right half did even better than my half, and stormed the first Boche line with extraordinary dash and vigor. It semed as though nothing could stop their impetuosity; and in the midst of the tremendous din, I caught little waves of their shouting more than once.

Our friend had crossed the first line, and successfully led his men to the very edge of the second line, when he fell. In fact, he was on the parapet of the second line, shouting to his men to join him in taking it, when the shell burst that brought him down. The same shell must have laid some Boches low; if that is any consolation. Not that we need any consolation. I feel sure you will agree with me in that.

But I want to tell you that the wounds in the right arm —not serious, I am thankful to say—were not from the same shell. They came in the neighbourhood of the first Boche line. That same right arm, after it was wounded, carrying a loaded stick, knocked up a Boche bayonet that was due to reach the chest of a man in No. 1 Platoon, and then served to support the same man, on the parapet of the Boche trench —he was already wounded—for a few moments, till a stretcher bearer got him. It was not possible for our friend to stay with him, of course. A few seconds later, he was leading his men full pelt towards the second line; and all that, after his first wound. I thought you would like to know that. Our C. O. knows it; and I venture to hope it will find mention in dispatches.

And now with regard to his condition. Whilst he is not quite so forward as he thinks—there is, of course, no question of his coming back to duty in a few days, as he fancies—there is, I think, no cause whatever for anxiety. In fact, the M. O. at the Clearing Station assured me of so much. His general health is excellent; nothing septic has intervened; it is simply a question of a little time. The worst that is likely to happen is that the left leg may be permanently a shade shorter than the right; and it is hoped that may be avoided. His Company—all that is left of us—will be very sincerely glad to see him back again. Meantime, we rejoice, as I am sure you will, in the manner, the distinction, of his

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fall, and in his not being in danger, and in the certainty of his enjoying the rest he has earned so well. Everything is going nicely with your "Temporary Gentleman."

LETTER XXV

The Battalion being now out of the line, the O. C. Company has kindly sent my batman along to me here. You remember my batman, Lawson, on Salisbury Plain—and he is writing this for me, so that I can preserve my present perfect laziness. I point this out by way of accounting for the superior neatness of the handwriting, after my illegible scrawls. Lawson was a clerk at ———'s works, before the War, and, as you perceive, has a top-hole "Hand of write."

I got rather a fright, as I lay dreaming here, half awake and half asleep at six o'clock this morning. An orderly came along with a blue ticket and a big safety pin, like those the Highlanders use in their petticoats; and pinned his label on the bottom of my counterpane.

"Hullo" says I; "What's this? Are they putting me up for sale?"

Mentally, I began to describe myself for the catalogue. (How strong are the habits of civil life?) "One full-size, extra heavy Temporary Officer and Gentleman; right arm and left leg slightly chipped, the whole a little shop-worn, but otherwise as new. Will be sold absolutely without reserve to make room for new stock." They have to keep as many beds as possible vacant in Clearing Stations, you know.

The orderly just grinned and faded away, like the Cheshire cat. A Sister came along shortly afterwards, and I asked her the meaning of my blue label.

"Oh, that," she said, very casually; "that's the evacuation card."

I am to be evacuated, like a pulverized trench; a redoubt that has become useless or untenable. Jolly isn't it? Seriously, I was a good deal worried about this, until I had seen the M. O., because I had an idea that once one was evacuated out of the Divisional area, one was automatically struck off

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the strength of one's unit; in which case goodness knows when, if ever, I should see my own "A" Company again. But the M. O. tells me it's all right, so long as one remains in France. One is only struck off on leaving France; and when that happens, one can never be sure which Battalion of the Regiment one will return to. So there's nothing to worry about. It's only that these Clearing Stations have to keep plenty of vacant accommodation ready for cases fresh out of the line; and so fellows like me, who are supposed to require a bit more patching up than can be given in two or three days, have to be evacuated to one or other of the base hospitals. Hence the label which makes of your Temporary Gentleman an "evacuation case."

One thing stands out so clearly in my otherwise treacly mind that I feel I never, never shall forget it; and that is the sensation of the moment when the order reached us to advance. We had been a long time waiting for it, even before our bombardment began; and when it came———But although the sensation is very clear to me, I'm not at all sure I can convey any idea of it to you. I've just asked Lawson what he felt like when it came; but the conspiracy of reticence, or something, leads him to say he doesn't know. I found myself muttering something, at the moment; and he says he did, too. That's something of a coincidence. He thinks the actual words he muttered were: "What ho!" But that's not exactly illuminating, is it?

I believe my thought, as we scrambled over the parapet, was that now, at last, we were going to wipe Petticoat Lane off the map, as a front line. We did hate that bit of line, with its quicksand craters in front, and the sodden lowness that made it a sort of pocket for the receipt of every kind of explosive the Boche liked to lob in on us.

The struggle through the craters, before we got to the first Boche line, was pretty beastly; and, I am afraid, cost us rather dear; although we got to the near lip of the craters before the punishment began, thanks to a quick start and the fine accuracy of our gunners in their curtain fire. You know the sort of thing that happens in nightmares when each of

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your feet weighs a ton and a half, at the moment when speed is the only thing to save you from the most hideous kind of something or other. Getting through the craters was like that.

Our good time began when the craters were passed, and there was nothing but Boche trenches in front of us. Then it was we began to experience the jolly feelings you've read about; the glorious exhilaration of the charge. And, really, it wouldn't be possible to exaggerate that. You can take it from me that the most highly colored chromo-lithographs can't overdo it, in the essential spirit of the thing. Their detail is pretty groggy, of course. No waving plumes, gay colors, flashing swords, and polished top-boots. My goodness, no! We were all the color of the foul clay we'd come from—all over. But the spirit of it! It is perfectly hopeless for me to try and tell you, especially in a letter. They say they pump spirits and drugs into the Boches before they leave their trenches. No drug and no champagne, even of the choicest, could have given us any more exhilaration than one felt in that dash from the craters to the first Boche line. Heavens, but it was the real thing! Made one feel you'd never been really and fully alive, till then. Seven-leagued boots, and all that kind of thing! The earth seemed to fly under our feet. I can see the dirty, earth-smeared faces in that Boche trench, now. (They were scuffling and scrambling out from the dug-outs, where they'd sheltered from our bombardment, to their fire-steps.) They seemed of no more importance than so many Aunt Sallies, or Dutch dolls. Things like that to stop *us!* Absurd!

And how one whooped! I was screaming *"'A' Company!"* at the top of my voice, as we jumped into that trench. The man on my left was Corporal Slade, (Lance-Sergeant, I should say) and, as we reached their parapet, I could hear him yelling beside my ear, through all the roar of the guns: *"Hell! Give 'em hell! Give 'em hell, boys!"* Most outrageous!

In the trench it was a sort of a football scrimmage, glorified; oh, very much glorified. Most curiously, the thing

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passing through my mind then was the Peacemaker's old gag, apropos the use of his trench dagger, you know: "When you hear that cough, you can pass on to the next Boche. Get him in the right place, and three inches of steel will do. Don't waste time over any more."

Queer, wasn't it?

Galloping across the next stretch—by the way, it was the very devil getting out over the Boche parados, so high and shaley—a fellow grabbed my right ankle when I was half-way up; the very thing I'd always dreaded in dreams of the trenches; and, by gad, if I didn't kick out, you must let me know about it. I'd sooner have had a bayonet thrust any day, than the ram of my field boot that chap got in his face. The champagney feeling was stronger than ever then, because one felt that front line was smashed. Sort of crossing the Rhine, you know. One was on German soil, so to say. My hat, what scores to pay!

And mixed up with the splendid feeling of the charge itself—by long odds the finest feel I ever had in my life—there was a queer, worrying little thought, too. I knew some of our men were dropping, and——"Damn it, I ought to be doing something to save those chaps." That was the thought. It kind of stung. Sort of feeling I ought to have some knowledge I had failed to acquire. They're your men; you ought to know. That sort of feeling. But I don't think it slowed my stride at all. The champagne feeling was the main thing. I was absolutely certain we were bringing it off all right. The Boche guns were real enough, but their men didn't seem to count.

Queer thing about the wire in front of that second line. It wasn't anything like so good or extensive as front line wire, and I dare say our guns had knocked a good deal of the stuffing out of it. Still, there was a lot left; more than I expected for a second line. But "A" Company went through it as though it had been paper! It was a glorious thing, that. You know how gingerly one approaches barbed wire, or anything like that; a thorn hedge, if you like. And you've seen how fellows going into the sea to bathe, at low tide, will

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gallop through the rows of little wavelets where the water is shallow; feet going high, and arms waving; the men themselves whooping for the fun of the thing. That's exactly how our chaps went through that wire. I'll guarantee nobody felt a scratch from it. And yet my breeches and tunic were in ribbons from the waist down when I got to the field ambulance; and from the waist to the knee I'll carry the pattern of that wire for some time to come. Might have been swansdown, for all we knew about it.

And then, unfortunately, on the parapet of the second line, I got my little dose, and was laid out. Goodness knows where that shell came from, but it certainly laid out some Boches, as well as me. I'll say this for them: they met us on the parapet, all right. But "A" Company's business was urgent. We had scores to settle from Petticoat Lane, and other choice spots; and the Kaiser has no one who could stop us. I do wish I could have seen it through. I know they tried hard to counter us out of that line. But they couldn't shift old "A," who did just as well when I dropped out as before—the beggars. Lawson tells me I was yelling like a madman on that parapet, for some time, before I went to sleep. "I'll be there in a minute—there in a minute!" How absurd!

Next thing I knew, I was being lifted out of a trench stretcher, right away back at Battalion Headquarters in the old support line. Then the good old Batt'n M. O. prodded around me for a bit, and gave me a cigarette, I remember. I also remember hearing him say: "Oh, well, *you're* all right." And then I must have had another doze.

Next thing I remember, I was lying in a right hand lower stretcher in a motor ambulance, and soon after that I was in bed in the Field Ambulance at————and the same night I came on here; the Field Ambulance being pretty busy and full up. I know there was snow all round when I was being lifted out of the motor ambulance into the hall here.

And then comfort and cleanliness and quiet; most wonderful peace, and English nursing sisters. My goodness, aren't English nursing sisters lovely? English women, all

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of them, for that matter. And they say there are still some men at home who don't want to join! Seems queer to me.

Well, Lawson is rapidly developing writer's cramp, and I don't wonder at it.

And so I'm to move on somewhere else soon, from here. In any case, you understand, don't you, that I'm all right, wanting for nothing, and most kindly looked after. I'll write again very soon, and whatever you do, don't have the smallest feeling of anxiety about your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter XXVI

This is to be evacuation day. There are a dozen officers and nearly a hundred other ranks to leave this place today for one or other of the bases. The life of a permanent official in one of these Clearing Stations must be curious; handling as he does a never-ending stream of the flotsam and jetsam of the great War. It knocks chips off us, and as we are broken we stream in through the hospitable portals of this beautifully organized and managed place; are put in plaster of Paris, so to say; and off we go again to another place to be furthered doctored; the more newly chipped arriving by one gate, as we go trickling out by another. And this process is continuous. Along the British front alone, many hundreds of men are bowled over every day. In a place like this the process is brought home to one.

So too, is the ordered precision and efficacy of the system of dealing with the wreckage. It is wonderfully methodical and well thought out. And over all, as I told you before, broods the spirit of benevolent reticence, which makes one feel a little like a registered parcel entrusted to a particularly efficient postal service. "When are we going?" Benevolent smile. "Presently; presently." "What base are we going to?" Benevolent smile. "You'll see bye and bye." "About how long shall we be on the journey?" Benevolent smile. "Oh, you'll be made quite comfortable on the journey. Don't worry about that." "Well, I'm very much better this morning, don't you think?" Benevolent smile. "Do you think I

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shall be able to sit up in a day or two?" Benevolent smile. "We shall see."

So it is always. I dare say the thirst of patients for information often becomes very trying to the authorities. But they never in any circumstances show any impatience. They never omit the benevolent smile. And they never, never, for one instant, relax the policy of benevolent reticence. The man next to me is very keen about his temperature; it is, I believe, the chief symptom of his particular trouble. But the bland familiar smile is all the reply he can ever get to his most crafty efforts to ascertain if it is higher or lower. I haven't the slightest doubt it is all part of a carefully devised policy making for our benefit; but I wouldn't mind betting the man in the next bed sends his temperature up, by means of his quite fruitless efforts to ascertain that it has gone down.

Later.

Here's another strange handwriting for you. The present writer is Lieut. R———, whose left arm has had a lot more shrap. through it than my right got; and who has kindly lent me the services of his right. My left-handed writing is still, as you will have noted, a bit too suggestive of a cryptogram in Chinese. We are lying opposite one another in very comfortable bunks in the Red Cross train, making from————to a base; we don't yet know which. There are nearly 500 "evacuation cases" on board this train. Its progress is leisurely, but I believe we are to reach our destination round about breakfast time tomorrow. We found books and magazines in the train when we came on board. That is a kindly thought, isn't it? They bear the stamp of the Camp's Library. The doctors and nurses get round among us on the train, just as freely as in hospital. The whole thing is a triumph of good management.

While we were lying in our stretchers waiting for the train, having arrived there in motor ambulances from the Clearing Station, we saw miles of trains pass laden with every conceivable sort of thing for the French firing line, from troops to tin-tacks; a sort of departmental store on

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wheels; an unending cinematograph film, which took over an hour to roll past us, and showed no sign of ending then. All the French troops, with their cigarettes and their chocolate, had kindly, jovial greetings for the stretchered rows of our chaps, as we lay in our blankets on the platform, waiting for our train; especially, the jolly, rollicking Zouaves. Good luck, and a pleasant rest; quick recovery, and—as I understoond it —return to the making of glory, they wished us; and all with an obviously comradely sincerity, and play of facial expression, hands, and shoulders, which made nothing of difference of language. And our chaps, much more clumsily, but with equal good will, did their level best to respond. I think the spirit of their replies was understood. Yes, I feel sure of that. The War is a devastating business, no doubt; but it has introduced a spirit of comradeship between French and English such as peace could never give.

Next morning.

You will forgive the left-handedness of the writing, won't you? My friend opposite has had a good deal of pain during the night, and I cannot ask him to write for me, now. It was a strange night, and I don't think I'll ever forget it; though there's really nothing to tell; "nothing to write home about," as the men say. I didn't sleep much, but I was quite comfortable, and had plenty to think about. When the train lay still between stations, as it sometimes did, I could hear snatches of talk from different parts of the train itself, doctors, nurses, orderlies, patients, railway officials, and so on. Then perhaps another train would rumble along and halt near us; and there would be talk between people of the two trains: French, English, and the queer jumble of a patois that the coming together of the twain in war had evolved. Also, there was the English which remains English, its speaker not having a word of any other tongue, but which yet, on the face of it somehow tells one it is addressed to someone who must understand it from its tone, or not at all.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Cigarettes? You bet. Here, catch, old chap! Bong, tres bong. Woodbine. What-ho! Same to you, old chap, an' many of 'em. Yes, yes; we'll

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soon be back again; an' then we'll give the blighters what for, eh? Chocolate, eh? Oh, mercy, mercy! No, no; no more; we got plenty grub; much pang, savvy. You're a brick, you are! Oui bong, tres bong; compree? Hullo! Off again! Well, so long, old son! Good luck! Bong charnce! See ye 'gain some time. Bong sworr!"

There's a poor chap in the bunk under mine who's been delirious most of the night. He looks such a child. A second lieutenant of the————'s; badly shaken up in a mine explosion, and bombed afterwards. The M. O. says he'll get through all right. He's for Blighty, no doubt. Odd, isn't it? This time tomorrow he may be in England, or mighty near it. England—what an extraordinary long way off it seems to me. There have been some happenings in my life since I was in England; and as for the chap I was before the War, upon my word, I can hardly remember the fellow. Pretty sloppy, wasn't I. Seems to me I must have been a good deal of a slacker; hadn't much to do with real things then.

We know at last where we're bound for; in fact we're there. The train has been backing and filling through the streets of the out-skirts of Havre for the last half hour or more. But last evening, when I was writing, we could only ascertain that we were going to————benevolent smiles, you know.

It's really frightfully interesting to see the streets. I see them through the little narrow flap at the top of my window that is meant to open. It seems quite odd to see women walking to and fro; and row after row of roofs and windows, all unbroken. No signs of shell-shock here. But on the other side of the train, nearest the harbor, one sees acres and acres of war material; I mean really acres and acres, of rations, barbed wire, stores of all kinds.

There's a sort of bustle going on in the train. I think we must be near the end, so I'll put my note-book away.

10.45 a. m.

We are in what they call the Officers' Huts, on some quay or another. It is a miniature hospital or clearing station,

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built of wood, and very nicely fitted up. Sitting room at one end, then beds, and then baths and cooking place and offices; all bright and shining, and beautifully clean; with Red Cross nurses, doctors, orderlies; and no end of benevolent smiles. They've taken our temperatures, and fixed us up very comfortably, and somebody's started a gramaphone, and I've just has a cup of glutinous, milky stuff I used to hate, you remember. I don't hate such things nowadays; but I pretend I don't care much about them, for the sake of the virtuous glow it gives to take them.

Everyone has asked everyone else where we are going next, and everyone has been given benevolent smiles, and subsided into a Camps Library magazine or book. The sitting up cases are pottering about in the sitting room, where there are basket chairs, and the gramaphone. I can see them through the open door. The nurses have fixed jolly little curtains and things about, so that the place looks very homely. I gather it's a sort of rest-house, or waiting place, where cases can be put, and stay put; till arrangements have been made for their admission into the big hospitals, or wherever they are to go. We have all been separately examined by the Medical Officer. My arm is so much better, I think it must be practically well. I don't know about the leg. I asked the M. O.—an awfully decent chap—to try to arrange things for me so that I should not be cut adrift from my own Battalion, and he said he thought that would be all right.

3.30 p. m.

I'm for Blighty. The M. O. came and sat on my bed just now, and told me. He certainly is a decent chap. He said the Medical Board had no hesitation at all about my case, and that I was to cross to England tonight. But he said I need not really worry about the Battalion. He was awfully good about it; and he's giving me a letter to a brother of his in London. He thinks I shall be able to get back to my own Battalion all right, and he thinks I shall be ready for duty much quicker by going right through to Blighty than by waiting here. But what do you think of it? Fancy me, going to Blighty; and tonight, mind you. I'd never dreamt

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of it. And what about poor old "A" Company? It's a queer feeling. We've all been sorted out now; the goats from the sheep. I suppose it's a case of the worst chipped crockery for Blighty, and the rest for tinkering here. But I can't help thinking a week, or two, at the outside, will put me right. . . . Here come Army Forms to be signed.

9.30 p. m.

In bed on board the Red Cross ship. All spotless white enamel and electric light; and spotlessly-aproned nurses, just as in hospital. I've just been dressed for the night; clean bandages and everything comfortable. From the last benevolent smile I elicited, I shouldn't be surprised if we weighed anchor round about midnight; but I may be quite wrong there. Anyhow, I feel remarkably comfortable. I think there must have been something specially comforting in the medicine I had when my bandages were changed. I shall sleep like a top. I don't think I've really quite got the hang yet of the fact that I am actually bound for Blighty. But there it is; I'm on the ship; and I suppose it's quite on the cards I may see you before this scribble of mine can reach you by post. In which case, it seems rather waste of time writing at all, doesn't it? I think I'll go to sleep. I haven't slept since the night before last. That boy I told you of who was bombed, after being in a mine explosion, is sleeping like an infant in the next cot but one to mine. Nice-looking chap. I'm glad he's sleeping; and I bet somebody will be glad to see him in Blighty tomorrow. Tomorrow! Just fancy that!

Next day.

Today's the day. When I woke this morning, I had glimpses as the ship rose and fell of a green shore, showing through the port-holes on the far side of the deck. That was the Isle of Wight. Had a magnificent sleep all night; only opened my eyes two or three times. We were rather a long time getting in. Then came Medical Officers of the Home Service; and with surprisingly few benevolent smiles—not that they lack benevolence, at all—I learned that I was for London. It hardly seems worth while to write any more, and

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I could not get off the ship to send a wire or anything.

Now I am in a Red Cross division of an express train bound for Waterloo. I'll send you a wire from there, when I know what hospital I am for. Sha'n't know that till we reach Waterloo. Meantime—That's Winchester we've just passed. Old England looks just the same. There is a little snow lying on the high ground round Winchester. It looks the same—yes, in a way. And in another way it never will look just the same again, to me. Never *just* the same, I think. It will always mean a jolly lot more to me than it ever did before. Perhaps I'll be able to tell you about that, when we meet. I find I can't write it. Queer thing, isn't it, that seeing these fields from the windows of a train should bring the water to one's eyes. Very queer! One kind of sees it all through a picture of the trenches.

The Old Peacemaker didn't tell me, but I know now that nearly half "A" Company are casualties; and there's a good many gone West—Poor Taffy's gone! Such a clever lad, Taffy! My Platoon won't be quite the same again, will it? Platoon Sargeant, one other Sargeant, two Corporals, and a lot of men gone. We were in front, you see. Oh, I know there's nothing to grieve about, really. Petticoat Lane's behind our front, now, thank goodness. That'll save many a good man from going West, between now and the end of the War.

I'm not grieving, but it makes a difference, of course. Just as England is different. Everything must be different now. It can't be the same again, ever, after one's been in the trenches. If Germany wants to boast, she can boast that she's altered the world for us. She certainly has. It can never be the same again. But I think it will be found bye and bye, she has altered it in a way she never meant. Of course, I don't know anything much about it; just the little bit in my own Brigade. But it does seem to me from the little I've seen, that where Germany means to break us, she has made us infinitely stronger than we were before. Look at our fellows! Each one is three times the man he was before the War. The words "fighting for England" had next

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to no meaning for me, before August 1914. But now that's why these fields look different, why England can never again look the same to me as it did before. I know now that this England is part of me; or I'm part of it. I know the meaning of England, and I swear I never did before. Why, the very earth of it—Well, when I think how the Boche has torn and ravaged all before him over there; and then I think of our England; of what the Hun would do here, if he got half a chance. It's as though England were one's mother.

But it's no good. I can't write about it. I'll try and tell you. But, do you know, it wasn't till I saw these fields that the notion came over me that I'm sort of proud and glad to have these blessed wounds, glad to have been knocked about a bit. I wonder if you and Mother will be glad, too. I somehow think you will, for your "Temporary Gentleman."

TO MY COUNTRY

(In Unpreparedness)

DAVID MORTON

YOU are a Youth, grown straight and clean and strong,
A brave, glad Youth, and dreams are in your eyes,
And on your lips the high, exultant song
Of far-envisioned things that keep you wise.
Upstanding, you have known the feel of winds
That wash your spirit clean as morning air,
Incredulous of this black lust that blinds
And maddens older nations everywhere.
And yet, I tremble lest you be unwise
With Youth's unwisdom, till the hour grips,—
Lest terror strike those dreams from out your eyes,
And anguish crowd that song from off your lips.—
Enraptured Youth! One instant break the spell
Of visioning. Make sure that all is well!

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MALE VAMPIRES

SHIRLEY BURNS

EVER since the First Lady in History sent that pestiferous pippin rolling down the ages, women have been called the vampires of the world.

You remember it was Eve who lured Adam. Eve was the vampire—we are never allowed to forget that—and poor old Adam lost everything he had, including the farm.

Curiously, the tempter and misleader of men is always pictured in the slim, winding, insinuating semblance of the serpent whose mantle Eve inherited. Giving the devil his due, at that, maybe his intentions were good. It was probably skin-shedding time, and he threw his cast-off clothing on Eve, who certainly needed covering. Anyway, ever after she wore the blame of the serpent's intrigue.

The real culprit, though, was the serpent—and, as history always speaks of him in the masculine gender, we conclude that *the male vampire is just as old as the female of the species—and he's just as deadly.*

The male vampire of today isn't the crafty villain with the black mustache we learned to know in the old melodramas—he is the well-educated, well-dressed, well-bred gentleman. There are many kinds—some specialize in de luxe books, real estate, the fortune-teller guide to investments, etc.,—who are professional crooks; others are more deft in their practices, and are never caught by the law.

In the hotels of large cities there is always a class of promoters on the alert for women of wealth—for as soon as a woman gets money she usually begins to travel, and she must stay at a hotel—the best she can afford. Mr. Vampire knows this, and he's there waiting for her. He's not after any particular woman—one is as good as another; she may have a face like a Madonna or an Egyptian mummy,—it makes no difference: for him, one is as easy to make love to as the other. He doesn't mean anything he says in either case. When he tells her she is the most charming

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woman he ever met, she blushes and believes. Possibly no one has ever said that to her before, and he makes a "hit" with the discovery. Or perhaps the woman really *is* charming, and is used to the compliment—so why shouldn't she believe him?

Her misfortune starts with the fact that she is not used to liars. Perhaps she is a widow—usually this is the case—whose husband had never educated her; he had simply protected her. He was a man of integrity, as were the other men of her family and acquaintances. She had always looked up to them, and so, when the vampire comes along with his perfectly good manners and an 18-karat imitation of honesty, it never occurs to her to doubt his word.

Another thing that misleads her is the way she meets the vampire; for there are men who will pay a large sum for an introduction and then wait months for it to take place in the most casual manner, to allay suspicion that the acquaintance had been sought. Then this man will do all sorts of little favors without ever asking anything in return, and do everything he can to create confidence. When this is firmly established, he will start in on his scheme to fleece his friend. That is his great game—to take advantage of the confidence imposed in him,—the meanest form of swindle in the world.

The easiest prey of the shady promoter is the widow who has just been left a life insurance. She is lonesome and needs some one to advise her, and Mr. Vampire gets right on the job.

A very beautiful woman who lived in a small town in Ohio found herself left with a handsome home and thirty thousand dollars in cash. Within a year she went to Chicago and there was introduced to one of these vampires by a business associate of her husband's, a man of high standing. Soon after, the vampire began to make violent love to her. After she returned home, not a day passed that he did not send a telegram, expressing his ardent devotion; and as for his letters—it was a wonder they didn't burn holes through the mail sacks!

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He never failed to mention that he was tired from overwork, and not very well. Frequently he had just escaped a collapse from heart-failure, but he could never let the day go by without sending his love and a million kisses. He swore she was his only sustaining force, and in this way created in her a feeling of obligation to him—a tie. His life itself depended on her!

Her sympathy poured out to him, as he knew it would, and when he had won her confidence completely, he offered to invest her money in stocks that he assured her positively would make her rich in a short time. He reiterated that he was doing this entirely out of consideration for her interests, as it really didn't pay him to handle such small sums. He laid stress on several gigantic schemes he was promoting that meant millions—they always talk in millions—but because he thought so much of her, and she was alone in the world, you know, he would do this little thing for her. And he did, for she handed over to him every cent she had in the world—thirty thousand dollars in cash, *and without security!*

The explanation? Here it is in her own words: "I can't explain it—but he's the most fascinating man I ever met. He has magnetism—perfectly wonderful magnetism!"

Months went by, and there was no evidence of returns on the money except an occasional hundred he doled out for current expenses. He always had the same excuse—something had gone wrong with stocks, or some one had double-crossed him in the new company he was organizing—thus causing delay—and on these occasions he always made another bid for sympathy with one of those awful heart attacks. It's a wonder he didn't die of heart-failure!

Finally the man returned to New York, where he maintains large offices, and the widow came on to visit friends. By this time Mr. Vampire was so rushed with work—way into the small hours of the morning, when nobody works in New York—that he hardly had time to call her up on the telephone.

One night, late, the widow happened in the grill of one of the fashionable hotels—and there, in one corner behind a

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palm tree, sat the vampire with another victim, a homely middle-aged woman, who was wearing the same kind of orchid bouquet he had been in the habit of sending to her. He had ordered an elaborate dinner—pheasant with the feathers on, champagne, and the rest—and was pressing her hand and tenderly talking into her face,—a habit he had.

The shock was an eye-opener, and upon investigation the widow soon found that he had a reputation for swindling widows; and as for his weak heart—he could have qualified for the National League!

This is characteristic of women who are victimized by male vampires—they invest first and investigate after.

An attempt was made to get back the money, and part of it was recovered; but it was a long heart-rending process, for the reason that the vampire knew the law so well that he had protected himself from the start—and another lawyer-vampire got most of it.

The most puzzling phase of this case is that the man is physically about as attractive as a horned toad. That is a peculiar thing about many male vampires—they are not the Handsome Harrys we imagine them to be. It was the same with the late Dr. Flower—one of the cleverest that ever bloomed. Speaking of him, Lieutenant Barnard McConville, who is recognized the world over as one of the cleverest detectives ever on the New York police force, and who trailed the doctor all over the United States, said to me:

"Flower was not good looking, but he had a pleasant manner and a very persuasive way of presenting his subject. He had magnetism."

In fact, his magnetism was so strong that it drew $600,000 from one woman and $300,000 from another, while the smaller sums he induced other women to invest aggregated millions.

The old tradition that teaches respect for gray hairs isn't always reliable. It was Dr. Flower's venerable appearance—his white hair, benign expression, sympathetic voice, and courtly manners that warded off suspicion. Then, too, he had made a special study of medicine, the law, and re-

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ligion—a powerful mixture that wouldn't pass the Pure Food test, but that produced wonderful results—*for him.*

His victims usually came through one of the various medical institutes he owned, and his method was to treat them and in this way get their confidence, then persuade them to put money in his business. The queer part of it was, too, that the women were always satisfied. They never complained. It is supposed he gave them dope—he was a dope fiend himself.

Some male vampires work in conjunction with fortune-tellers, and for some inexplicable reason women will believe everything the fortune-tellers say. They don't stop to question it or weigh it.

This is the way these cases are "framed up": the dark lady with the astrological name finds out that her client is rich and lonely, so she tells her something like this: "You will soon meet a young man who will have a great influence on your life. He will advise you in business, particularly in investments. . . . Do as he says. . . . Trust him. . . . He is tall and athletic . . . has curly hair . . . is a blonde."

Soon after, the widow meets the man—one of those apparently accidental introductions that has been carefully planned by the fortune-teller and the vampire himself—her accomplice. As likely as not, he is her husband.

Then the blonde gentleman begins to ingratiate himself with the widow. He makes love to her and goes almost to the church door—but not quite.

She goes again to the fortune-teller, who advises investments along certain lines, which are strangely presented later by Mr. Blonde.

A typical case of this kind came to light in New York recently. After meeting his victim, who, by the way, was an invalid, he rented an office in the Wall Street district by manner of making her think he was a bona fide broker. The widow was his only client. He didn't need but one—for she gave him fifty thousand dollars to invest, which she never saw again.

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Their affairs of the heart went so far that the marriage bans were read for three Sundays in the Catholic church; a magnificent prenuptial feast had been given, and the hour for the wedding set; but by that time the vampire and the fortune-teller were off spending the widow's money. The bride-to-be collapsed, and that was the end of Salmagundi. *It was another case of investing first and investigating after.*

The male vampire known as the de luxe book swindler is a little different type of man. A detective who has helped put several of them behind the bars said to me: "Most of them are fine-appearing men, who usually get the women involved where they don't dare squeal. That is the great trouble we have when women come down here to Police Headquarters and complain. It is a delicate subject, for we know that the swindler's particular aim has been to get the woman compromised so she will be afraid to talk. That is part of his get-away. Some women have paid as high as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a set of books not worth as many hundred dollars."

Remembering that Shakespeare's complete works can be bought for fifty cents, I asked what sort of knowledge the women were able to acquire with so much money.

"Oh, they don't know what's inside the books," said he. (Business of shrugging the shoulders.) *Good-night!*

The de luxe book vampire works on a peculiar failing many women have—a belief that without any business experience whatsoever, they can make big money with one bold stroke. So he goes to his prospective victim with a proposition like this: "I know a man who owns a set of books—a very rare edition—worth $22,000. He needs money badly and will sell it to me for $11,000. It is the only set of its kind, and John D. Rockefeller Jr. wants to get hold of it, but he's in Japan and won't be back for several months. Now I haven't the money, but if you will buy the set and hold it till Mr. Rockefeller gets back we can sell it to him for $25,000. Then we will divide the $14,000 profit. In the meantime you will own the set that you could never possess in any other way."

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The actual value of the books is three or four hundred dollars.

While waiting for the prospective buyer to return from abroad, Mr. Vampire gets track of another rare de luxe edition. This time he reads his victim a letter from Lord Rosedale in London, who offers a fabulous sum for the set. Of course the letter was written by one of his confederates, —but as usual, the woman doesn't stop to investigate, takes the vampire's word, and is "stung" a second time. One woman in Boston lost $150,000 in this way—all she had. She expected to make a hundred thousand dollars profit, *but——!*

Life insurance companies have found that the average woman who is left money keeps it seven years and then it is gone. Some of them don't have it that long if the bucket-shop man or the fake stock and bond salesman can help it.

The bucket-shop where the male vampire fleeces his women clients is an insidious institution that a woman has just about as much chance with as a new arrival on Ellis Island has with a gold-brick artist. These places are attractively fitted up and the woman is allowed to make just enough money to start her cupidity on the run, and the rest —with a drink or so and oftentimes dope enough to cloud her judgment—is easy for the proprietor. Taking candy from a child is hard work in comparison. A chain of bucket-shops is now under investigation by the New York police department; but, bad as they are, these institutions spread nets for a comparative few.

The vampire who tries to get a woman to invest in unsafe or bogus stocks, or worthless real estate, has the whole country to work in. Unlisted mining stock is one of his best sellers, and it is safe to say that in the year 6000 he will have a "Sucker list" reaching from New York to the Golden Gate!

Safe mining stocks paying a high interest are not found floating around, and no one is giving away or selling tips on the market. If they have any, they usually "hot-foot" to the office and lock the door for fear some one will horn in

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on the news; but they don't give them away nor sell them. There used to be a man who sold tips on the races. He received ten per cent. from every client who won and if there were five horses, he tipped off one person to each horse. Of course his foresight was almost clairvoyant, for he always won!

The unwary woman often loses money because she reaches out for a high rate of interest. The other day a New York banker was asked to recommend some safe seven per cent. investment.

"There is no safe seven per cent. investment," was his reply. "I could not guarantee more than five per cent."

Yet the vampire is always ready to dazzle the woman's eyes with visions of alluring returns from stock in new and untried companies, in worthless old ones, or in securities that have no market at all.

Not long ago a woman who had just been fleeced out of thousands of dollars by one male vampire was telling her troubles to an old ministerial appearing reprobate who looked as substantial as the statue of Horace Greeley. She trusted him because he was so sincere—nothing of the four-flusher about him! After expressing his sympathy, he told her that he would help her retrieve by letting her in on the ground floor of a new company he was organizing. He could sell her a thousand dollars' worth of stock but she must have the money the next day. She told him she would have to borrow it from the bank and asked if it was quite safe to do so.

"By all means!" said he. "By all means do so. It is a great opportunity—don't miss it!"

She didn't!

She invested first and investigated after, with the old result, slightly complicated. In this case the vampire—one of the hotel variety—had been clever enough to make business affiliations with men of such high moral standing that he was able to use them as shields. He had so mixed legitimate business with crooked corporations that extrication was impossible. This is a trick often resorted to with

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success and is the cause of many a woman's financial undoing —the alloy inducement of an ounce of sincerity with a pound of deceit.

The vampire who operates in worthless real estate—counting upon the desire to improve one's condition, which is the basis of all economic advancement—creates an atmosphere of sudden riches by dilating upon the increase in value that the land is going to take very shortly, and urges his client to buy immediately. It is amazing,—the number of persons who "fall" for that "last chance" argument!

There are always chances! If the increase were a certainty, the agent would hold the property for a few weeks more and pocket the profit himself. If real estate men could read the future of land values with certainty, they would all soon retire with large fortunes.

The bogus real estate operator is usually a spell-binder with about as much conscience as a weazel. When a hard-working woman confides that she is alone in the world and tells him just how much money she has saved up to dodge the Old Ladies' Home, he makes out a bill of sale for a pecan farm—or it may be an orange grove, apple orchard, or rubber plantation—some thousands of miles away, for just that amount.

The woman who buys the pecan farm goes back to work dreaming of Jack and the Bean Stalk and imagining pecans are going to grow up the same way, and roll themselves into barrels and on to New York where all she will have to do will be to clip the coupons that have tied themselves on. Finally she wakes up to find that the only nut in sight is herself. Or maybe it was a rubber plantation—in the Beautiful Land of Somewhere. *These salesmen can picture a rubber plantation in such wonderful language that the buyer fully expects to go down there and pick rubber boots off the trees.*

The Florida orange grove is another arid waste where stretch the bones of many a poor woman's life savings. Any one who has ever traveled through the bewhiskered scenery of the over press-agented St. John's River has only to recall

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one deserted grove after another with dwarfed trees in sizes varying with the amount of money that had been sunk beneath them. Pathetic tomb-trees to credulous victims who invested first and investigated after!

Miles of sand-land that a self respecting vegetable wouldn't grow on are stretched through the interior of Florida dotted here and there with flaring signs "For Sale," while the small investor who has sunk his last dollar in the Everglades—land overflowing with water—is worse off than the Long Islander who buys a Washington apple orchard. One of these victims asked the agent why he was so persistent in selling her the orchard the first day of her arrival.

"We have to sell them the first day" he explained. "The second day they get wise and don't buy."

There is another type of male vampire—the man who uses a woman's influence where his own would not be of as much value, and then either cheats her out of the reward of the transaction or makes her shield him from odium as the case may be.

Under the latter head come the men who coerce their wives into borrowing money surreptitiously for them. This class do not come in the common white-slave category, but are of good social standing—in fact so good that they must be protected even to the point of using vampire methods. For instance, Mr. X is in financial trouble. He must have more money in his business and has exhausted his own resources, so he says to his wife who is a very beautiful and attractive woman: "Now you go to So and So"—mentioning a rich friend—"and tell him you have run over your allowance this month, or that you have lost the money speculating in something you don't want me to know about, and ask him to lend you five hundred dollars. Say that you are afraid to tell me about it and that's the reason you have gone to him to help you. That will let me out, and he won't refuse."

A male vampire is bad enough anywhere, but in the

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family—well, every house of this kind ought to have a punching bag!

The reason so many women lose their money through male vampires is that they believe surface appearances—something that the experienced business man never does. If thy would investigate first, they would save themselves and their money. Some women do not know how to go about this, but it isn't difficult. There are commercial agencies whose business is to look up individuals, corporations, or propositions of any description—including charitable or political institutions—where money may be expended.

The woman who for any reason places her money in the hands of another person should first see that the trustee is safely bonded. Speaking on this subject, Mr. R. R. Brown, first vice-president of the American Surety Company of New York said to me:

"Before signing the bond of a fiduciary we consider his qualifications for the particular kind of trust involved, some risks being much more hazardous than others. Immediately after signing the bond we set in motion all the machinery that we have been able to construct as the result of thirty-two years' experience, to see that the trust is properly administered. We make him come across with an inventory at the outset. We see to it that the funds are invested only as required by law; and that disbursements are in the same category. We insist that the fiduciary file his accounts in court periodically, and that he finally make a proper distribution of the estate.

"In many cases we go so far as to insist that the assets of the estate shall be placed in a safe-deposit box, to which access can be had only by the fiduciary acting in conjunction with our representative. In such cases we provide that every check drawn by the fiduciary on the trust funds shall be countersigned by our representative.

"I say that we do these things. Perhaps I had better say that we try to provide these safeguards and that we succeed measurably. Nevertheless 'locks and systems' are

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made for honest people and every now and then a crook breaks through.

"In such cases we would not be heard to plead in court the privileges of the personal surety. The court would say in effect that we volunteered our services and took pay, and would therefore hold us to a high degree of responsibility. Therefore, if we do not elect as we do to settle in accordance with the spirit of our obligation, the court would compel us to do so. Hence, as you will readily see, the widows and orphans and incompetents are amply protected by the application of the insurance principle, which causes the proper distribution of risk.

"It may interest you to know that we have paid over $19,000,000 in claims. Only a comparatively small part of this sum was disbursed on bonds of fiduciaries.

"Now if with all these safeguards we cannot prevent fiduciaries from occasionally plundering trust estates, what in the world can keep inexperienced women from sustaining enormous losses when they voluntarily confide their entire estate to a friend, as to whose ability and honesty they know but little?

"*The only constructive suggestion that I can make is to tell the women not to do it; tell them to consult their friends, but to keep physical control at all times of their property. Above all things, let them distribute their investments and look for security instead of large returns.*

"When they decide to invest a small part of their funds, advance the cash for the purpose and then insist on the delivery to them of the mortgage or bond or stock certificate in which the investment is made. *Information should be obtained every three or six months as to the investment.* For example, *if stocks or bonds of a corporation are bought, financial statements should be procured, studied, and filed periodically. If a mortgage is taken, tax bills and insurance policies should be required. These requirements will not only tend to prevent fraud, but will have a wonderful effect in educating the women to look out for themselves.*"

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THE HOPES OF THE VATICAN

DR. GEORGE LA PIANA

RECENTLY we have been told several times that Pope Benedict had approached neutral nations with a view of having them make peace overtures to the belligerent powers. It appears also that Vatican took some part in dissuading Germany from continuing her submarine warfare; and not long ago the apostolic delegate at Washington delivered a message from the Pope to the President asking—it is said—that no action be taken against Germany, chiefly for the reason that the United States of America, the only large nation still neutral, may yet use its influence in the interest of a general peace, when the time arrives to undertake the movement.

Since last summer, Vatican diplomacy has kept itself very busy with the neutral governments as well as the warring nations. This general activity of the Vatican in connection with international policy has been so extensive that a well known journalist, A. Arnoux, could recently make a statement like this: "Possibly the future historian of this War, who will see clearly where we today see 'through a glass darkly,' will date the beginning of the end of the struggle from the visit of Mr. Asquith to the Vatican some weeks ago."

We do not doubt the sincerity of this official activity of papal diplomacy, but we realize also that side by side with the humanitarian and sacerdotal purpose of the pontifical undertaking, there is a political activity working steadily with other purposes and other directions; *there is a Vatican diplomacy eager to take all the opportunities offered by the present situation, in order to resolve in its own interest some problems in connection with the temporal Papacy and the Roman Church.* Let us take a glance at the character and the aims of this activity.

A series of articles—which may safely be considered as inspired by the Vatican—was recently published in various

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European reviews. The first of them was due to an eminent member of the Roman Curia itself, Cardinal Gasquet, an English Benedictine, who during this last period has served as " trait d'union " between the government of England and the Vatican.

His article was published by the *Dublin Review* under the title " The guarantee of International Honor." Cardinal Gasquet denounces in it the failure of international conventions and guarantees intended to safeguard peace and to respects the rights of the weak peoples. He denounces also the failure of " international socialism " which had boasted that if afforded a much more certain security against war than any convention or treaty of the various governments. The only way to preserve peace in the future, according to Cardinal Gasquet, is to form a sacred league amongst Christian nations, a league which to be efficacious must be supported by the authority of the Pope, the only authority recognized by all. The present War, Cardinal Gasquet assumes, would have been avoided if the Pope had not been excluded from participation in the Congress of The Hague by the nations taking part in it.

The authority of the Pope is the only one which may be recognized by all; the nations on the one side will have no reason to be suspicious of it, because the Pope " has no axe of his own to grind;" and on the other side, the non-Catholic Christians will have no reason to object because " there is no question of spiritual jurisdiction, but of authority to speak on questions of morality and justice and of the right in God's name to protect the weak from the oppression of the powerful."

What is interesting in this article is not the fact that Cardinal Gasquet notices the failure of international treaties and of international socialism and does not realize that the present War must be interpreted also as the failure of international Catholicism itself; neither does its interest lie in the paradoxical assumption that the participation of a papal delegate to the Congress of The Hague would have spared Europe the horrors of the great conflict; all its importance

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lies in the final proposition, the idea of a sacred league enforced by the moral power of the papacy and therefore under the presidency of the Pope himself.

Another article interesting not only in itself but because published in the official Review of the French Jesuits, *Les Etudes* is a regular essay under the title: "Benoit XV et le rôle international de la Papaute," by M. de la Brière (Jan. 20 and Feb. 5, 1916). The first part of the essay, "Le message chrêtien de la paix," is a detailed comment on the address delivered by the Pope in the Consistory of December 6, 1915. It aims to prove also that the Pope from the very beginning of the War ideally took side with France, and that his words were words of condemnation for the Belgian crime. The second part, "Les guaranties de l'indépendance pontificale," assumes that the Italian law of guarantees (May 3, 1871) does not sufficiently safeguard the liberty of the Holy See, especially when Italy is at war. To support his view the writer adduces two instances: the departure of German and Austrian diplomats accredited to the Vatican, and the enforced absence of the Austrian Cardinals in the Consistory of December. "The Italian law of guarantees," says M. de la Brière, "is insufficient, because it is an Italian law; it must be converted into international law, under the guarantee of all the Christian nations, in such a way as to give the Pope a privileged situation on an international basis. Then the influence of the Pope will be very valuable in safeguarding peace among the Christian nations, because "no one in good faith may object that the Pope is not in his place in the diplomatic assizes of the international law." The conclusion of the article is similar to that of Cardinal Gasquet—the idea, namely, of a league under the presidency of the Pope.

But the most remarkable article was published March 1, 1916, by Monsignor Benigni in the *Nuova Antologia* of Rome. Monsignor Umberto Benigni is one of the most typical figures of the Roman Curia. Many years ago, at the very beginning of the movement among the Italian clergy, which led to Modernism, Benigni together with Semeria and

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Murri was a leader of the young party. As a professor of Church history in the Pontifical University of Saint Apollinare in Rome, he initiated many of his young students into the modern methods of historical criticism, and edited a modest review, *Miscellanea di Storia Ecclesiastica,* in which several future Modernists made their first appearance as writers and thinkers.

It was the period when Leo XIII cherished those young men whom he had baptized "Christian democrats." But when the attitude of the Vatican changed, the mind of Professor Benigni at once changed also, and he became an extreme conservative. He became editor of a famous review, the semi-official *Corrispondenza Romana,* was made Monsignor, and was given a position in the foreign affairs department of the Vatican, where under the Pontificate of Pius X he reached the high office of substitute secretary of state, when Monsignor Della Chiesa, the present Pope, appointed Archbishop of Bologna and exiled from Rome, was obliged to resign. It is well know that Monsignor Benigni was the editor of several pages of the famous anti-modernist encyclical of Pius X, and that he was an implacable persecutor of the modernists. His friends and pupils of the day before Pius X used to call him, in a friendly way, "Our great Inquisitor."

Although, some years ago, after an incident with some German bishops, the Pope was obliged to remove him from the Vatican, he did not lose his great influence until the death of Pius X. Now he is not in great favor with the present Pope, but being professor of history and diplomacy in the pontifical "Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici," a training school for Vatican diplomats in Rome, his words are authoritative and may be considered as a real manifestation of the thought prevailing in Vatican spheres. It is to be noticed that the article was not published by any official or semi-official organ of the Vatican, but was sent to the oldest liberal Italian Review the *Nuova Antologia,* in which two other articles had been published a short time before—by Signor Luzzatti, and by Signor Nathan—on the same subject.

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If peace shall be restored through a European Congress, will the Pope be allowed to send to it his representatives? There are two questions involved in this one, says Monsignor Benigni. The first is of a purely political character, in connection with the Italian government. Will the participation of the Pope in the Congress mean a reopening of the Roman question, because of the papal claim to his old temporal kingdom?

The answer of Monsignor Benigni to this question is rather evasive, but in the last analysis it seems that the Vatican would accept an invitation to the Congress even with the expressed condition that there shall be no mention of the Roman question and of the temporal claims of the papacy.

The second question is of a general character and in the eyes of Monsignor Benigni the more important. Is the papacy incompetent to participate in the political and social life of mankind? "Not at all," says Monsignor Benigni; State and Church meet on the politico-social ground of the civilization of the world; they come from different starting points and they cannot and must not be identified, but they can and must come to an understanding. I do not appeal in this case to the Catholic conception of the union of the two powers, although this concept is absolutely true and of great utility to the social life, but I appeal only to the practical and modern point of view—the Church which is the "organized religion" is altogether competent to work in accord with the State, which is the "organized politic" in order to assure the common welfare of all the nations.

"Why should the Pope be excluded from a Congress at which there will be present the King of England, who is by law as well as in fact the head of the Anglican Church; the Czar of Russia, who is the Pope of the Orthodoxy; the King of Prussia, who is officially the "Episcopus" of the Lutherans; and the Sultan of Turkey, who is the Kalif of the Moslems? Does not the exclusion of the Catholic Pope mean a disparagement of Catholicism in comparison with other religions? Should the Pope be excluded only because he has

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no longer a temporal kingdom? But in that case this very fact will prove in the eyes of all the Catholic world that the Pope must have a temporal kingdom in order to be able to participate in the social and political life of the world for the sake of the Catholic Church and Catholic faith." No one can deny that Monsignor Benigni knows how to turn a sophism into the appearance of a vivid and serious objection.

To those who know intimately the life and the aspirations of the Vatican and its political methods, these articles will give a great opportunity for shrewd speculation. First of all it is necessary to recall that the Pope was excluded from participation in the Congress of The Hague in 1899, and again in 1907, chiefly on account of the absolute and legitimate refusal of the Italian government. The condition on which all the governments had agreed to the Congress was that only the *states* should be invited: (the word *powers* was purposely avoided) and as there is no papal *state* in existence, there was no ground on which the Pope could claim the privilege of being represented in the Congress of the nations.

Leo XIII protested against this exclusion in the diplomatic note of February 1899, in the public address of April 11, and finally in his letter to Queen Wilhelmina on May 29 of the same year. This first exclusion was much discussed in articles and books, and angrily commented on by the Catholic press of all the world. The second exclusion of 1907 passed almost unnoticed; it had become a matter of routine and was regarded as a question about which there was nothing new to be said. Only the official organs of the Vatican renewed their complaints.

Is the Vatican now trying to revive the question and provoke a new verdict from the international powers, in case a European Congress should be called to restore peace? This is the first impression; we may, however, safely assume that there is something more underlying all these statements of Vatican writers, and all the activity of Vatican diplomacy.

The articles I have quoted come to substantially the

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same conclusion, although from different starting points. All of them claim the necessity for the papacy to be recognized as an international political power, which cannot and must not be ignored in international affairs of any importance. Cardinal Gasquet emphasizes the moral authority of the Pope as the only one which may maintain peace and harmony among the nations united in a sacred league; therefore he desires the political internationalization of the papacy for the sake of universal peace. The French writer laments the lack of liberty on the part of the Pope, because the law of guarantees is solely an Italian law; therefore he demands the political internationalization of the papacy in the name of the spiritual liberty of the Church. Monsignor Benigni finally protests against the conditions of inferiority in which the head of the Catholic Church finds himself in comparison with the heads of other Churches, only because he has no temporal kingdom; therefore he asks the internationalization of the papacy in the name of the equality of religions.

What does this political internationalization of the papacy mean, and how is the Vatican trying to realize its plans?

The problem is of the greatest importance to international policy in this moment of unprecedented crisis.

No one denies the papacy its international character on religious ground; the unity of faith and of discipline, which is essential to the Catholic Church, requires continuous and free communication between the central power and the organized bodies of Catholic believers in all countries. On this account the Pope is allowed to keep his accredited representatives with the governments of Catholic countries, and to send ecclesiastic delegates to the non-Catholic nations. The former are considered as diplomatic agents in Austria, Spain, Belgium and Bavaria—last survival of the old Vatican diplomatic body; the latter are only religious agents, with neither political nor diplomatic functions.

But even when the Pope had his Roman State, he was not always allowed to send his representatives to the international Congresses of the European powers. Since the

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famous Congress of Westphalia, in which for the first time the political equilibrium of Europe was shaped without taking in consideration either the claims of the Pope, or the old medieval conception of the necessary religious unity of the world, to the several Congresses of the XIXth Century, the representatives of the Pope either were not admitted, or if they were, they were considered only as the representatives of the small Roman state, and as such they played a very secondary and unimportant rôle in those great political conventions.

What the papacy claims now is therefore something more than what it had before the fall of the temporal kingdom; it claims a return to the conditions prior to the Congress of Westphalia, namely to be recognized as a universal power not merely religious but essentially political and as such to have a privileged and unique place in the assizes of the nations. The present European chaos may offer a chance as never before; perhaps a partial success is not at all improbable.

No one today believes—least of all the Pope—that there will be a European congress in order to restore peace. This is a war in which no mediation in the true sense of the word is possible. Conditions of peace must come either from victory or from an eventual direct understanding among the warring nations themselves. To think that the Pope, or the King of Spain, or even the President of the United States would be called to arbitrate between the two parties and to establish conditions of peace, is to ignore the present situation of Europe and the deep significance of this terrible struggle.

The Vatican knows that the semi-official *Corriere d'Italia* in its issue of Jan. 14, 1916, says: "It is a childish supposition that the Holy See is trying to organize a congress of the neutrals and to invite in it the warring governments, in order to restore peace. The winning party will impose its conditions."

Perhaps neutral intervention will be provoked, in due time, only to carry from one side to the other the preliminary overtures to begin the negotiations; nothing more than a

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passive and merely material "trait d'union" among the warring governments. Will the Pope be chosen for such an office? This actually is the great ambition of Vatican diplomacy, not only because such a success would be a service to the cause of peace, but also because it would afford a valuable basis for making the first step toward the final goal of the great program of the papacy. This first step is the internationalization of the Italian law of guarantees. After all is not the papacy very moderate in its pretensions? The Pope will even cease to claim his old temporal kingdom and consider the Roman question as settled—at least for the time being—provided the European governments will grant an international guarantee to the papacy, and Italy will accept and adopt the new international control.

What more concessions may we ask from the Vatican?

Let us give a more detailed consideration to this proposition. *Granting to Cardinal Gasquet the justice of his assumptions and even the possibility of organizing a Christian league under the presidency of the Pope, may we ask how the Pope, armed with his moral authority, will enforce the laws and deliberations of the league, in case of rebellion? With excommunications and interdicts? And if excommunications and interdicts prove inefficient, will the Pope at the head of the army of the sacred league lead the new crusade against the new sons of perdition? Does Cardinal Gasquet seriously think to efface, with a scrap of paper, six or seven centuries of history and bring Europe back at once to the XIIIth Century. Does he believe that it is possible today to inaugurate in Europe a new international law built upon the "Unam Sanctam" of Boniface VIII? We realize that to a Benedictine monk and to a scholar of medieval history like Cardinal Gasquet, such a plan may appear as the ideal policy for an ideal Catholic society; but, unfortunately enough, there are too many sinners in the world, and they are not enthusiasts for the medieval religious conception of life.*

We realize how a Jesuit Review may discover that the Pope *ideally* ranged himself with the Allies from the very beginning of the war, although the external appearances

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seem to prove the contrary. And when you consider things and institutions *"sub specie aeternitatis"* it is easy to find in them all the ideal attitudes you want in them. But it is not equally easy to prove that the so-called internationalization of the Italian law of guarantees is the simple and innocent and useful thing that M. de la Brière assumes it to be.

If M. de la Brière were an Italian instead of a Frenchman, and an Italian not in the service of the Vatican, we may guess that he would not be very enthusiastic himself for this internationalization of the Italian law of guarantees. He would realize perhaps that such an internationalization would be the end of the Italian political autonomy. Under the pretext of protecting the rights of the papacy, every foreign nation having Catholic citizens could interfere with the Italian public and internal affairs, and would be authorized to give suggestions, to establish laws, to impose vetoes. The Italian national government would be at the mercy of the American, French, or Austrian Catholics; and Italy would become the new Christian Turkey, with new capitulations and under the control of the protectors of the Pope. What nation, what government would accept such a condition?

Italy would rather renounce the costly privilege of having the Pope in Rome than permit the internationalization of the law of guarantees at such a price. The Italian statesman or parliament which should dare to accept such a condition would be swept away in a few days together with the monarchy and the present constitution. The Italian nation has given to the world an admirable example of equity, of respect for religious institutions, and of wise tolerance; it has proved that the traditional sense of political equilibrium which is congenial to the Italian mind and which is the best heredity of the great Roman fathers is still a factor in the national life of modern Italy.

The law of guarantees is a masterpiece of juridical and political wisdom; we may safely assume that, now the law has proved its workability and its sufficiency during almost fifty years and has not failed even at the crucial test, when Italy became complicated in the European War. The two

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instances brought in by M. de la Brière are not arguments against the law; on the contrary they give evidence of its complete fitness to the needs. *The German and Austrian diplomats accredited to the Vatican were not sent away by the Italian government; on the contrary the Italian government gave full guarantee that they would be protected and that they would be allowed to correspond with their governments in cipher, and under the diplomatic privilege on postal matter, without any interference from the Italian officers, provided the Pope would take upon himself the responsibility that those communications should not be of such a character as to help the military operations of the enemy. But the Pope did not dare to assume such a responsibility, probably not having faith enough in diplomatic correctness, and himself requested the ambassadors to leave.*

In the matter of the absence of Austrian cardinals from the Consistory, the bad faith of the writer is evident; because he knows that cardinals living out of Rome are not expected to be present at the consistories, unless invited personally for special reasons. Austrian cardinals were not summoned by the Pope; had they been invited the Italian government would have given all the necessary protection to let them go to Rome and back to their country safely and with the honors due their office, as it was done with Cardinal Hartmann of Cologne.

The law of guarantees is under the control of the Italian nation and will be respected and fulfilled so long as the Vatican does not oblige the Italian government to change or to abolish it on account of criminal attempts against the national unity. Italy cannot give more than that, without committing national suicide. The papacy never enjoyed a greater spiritual liberty and authority than since the national unification of Italy. No other nation in the world could have made the Pope better conditions than Italy did; no other nation could have endured so patiently the open hostilities of the Vatican during so many years—and the Vatican knows that. When some years ago, a war between France and Italy seemed imminent, Pope Leo sent one of his family to ask the

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Italian government if it would protect the Pope, who had decided to go to Spain. "Yes," answered Francesco Crispi, then premier, "yes, I guarantee with my life that the Pope will be escorted safely to the Italian boundaries, but I do not guarantee the same when the Pope tries to return to Rome."

And Leo did not leave.

But the most amazing thing is the way Monsignor Benigni presents his arguments. How can he grant, even for a moment, that the time is past when the Catholic Church had only words of command, in the name of its divine uniqueness? How can he put the Pope of Rome on the same level with the head of the Anglican Church, with the *Episcopus* of the Lutherans, with the Russian Pope of Orthodoxy, with the Kalif of Mohammedanism? We cannot agree with Monsignor Benigni on this point.

The tendency today is precisely to separate the two authorities, the religious and the political, in those royal personages, and to leave the religious organization of the peoples to develop freely under the control of the common law. To allow the Pope again to become a temporal king would be a step backward in the course of history, and would again jeopardize the spiritual interests of the papacy and the church itself.

Perhaps the day is not far off when kings will be a historical souvenir; and with their crowns will fall their religious authority. But the Pope, after the fall of his temporal power, still remained Pope. Is he willing to identify his cause again with the cause of a temporal kingdom? We do not believe so, and we remember that Monsignor Benigni, when a professor of history at the beginning of his career, and a leader in the democratic movement, said: "the spirit of the new Italian life is such that supposing the Italian government should decide to give Rome back to the Pope, and should invite him to take over again the administration of city and state, the Pope would beg the king as a favor to keep the city and the state, because it would be impossible for a Pope-king to reign with peace."

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AUTUMN LETTERS

MARJORIE SUTHERLAND

Shuksan Springs,
August 28th.

MY DEAR F——

I read your letter under the office lamp at the Bison House. Do you appreciate that name? Can you get it across eighteen hundred miles, past your system and your machinery? It is written in hairy black letters beneath the painted head of the extinct beast of the prairies. But the name is the only romantic feature of this hostelry. Tonight there is the hot lamp with the strong odor; the clean look enlighting my host, David McD——, a lean Scot with bushy brows and startling blue eyes; and a pool-table in the room beyond, deserted now because the sheep men are at the stockyards making arrangements for shipping. Toward nine o'clock they'll be coming in to play.

Perhaps you do not believe it, but I think of my civilized friends very often—out here in this pocket of earth, this little flat place surrounded by blue mountains. I feel far away, isolated, but not lonely. Just now I stood outside the Bison House and watched the Portland Express creep out through the hills, dark purple now with the dead sunset on them. There is one perfect thing in this remote camping place—the Harriman railroad—so perfect that tonight it is poetic, poetic because it seems simple; and yet I fancy its making was no less simple than the making of exquisite poetry. The rails gleamed dimly in the purple twilight, while the huge incongruous engine led off the illuminated coaches slowly through the gap in the West. Strange dragon of civilization! In some respects we surely equal the ancients in imagery. To create this monster, to breathe fire into its nostrils, to send it hither and thither over the earth and through the earth! But doubtless you are disgusted to hear me poetize the locomotive, you who live so close to the foundries! But one has room to think, up here.

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Perhaps it is the oxygen, for it is remarkably clean and stimulating a mile high. And then Autumn is coming on. I am sure I shall never take a vacation in midsummer when I can choose Autumn, because this is absolutely the perfect season, the fulfillment of the beauty of Spring and Summer, a season prodigal of man's most hoarded colors—gold and scarlet.

The sheep men are beginning to come in. I am going to close your letter, pretend to read the Olequa County Courier, and listen to their talk. Unless I misjudge, the Scot will prove the most interesting feature of Shuksan Springs. Tonight I heard him say that the wind smelled of Shuksan Creek like the copper color of her bed. I don't know what he meant, but I had not dared hope for an innkeeper with a personality.

September 8th.

MY DEAR F——

Tomorrow we are going up the Caribou River to Klamath Canyon. Can you guess my comrade? None other than the innkeeper of the Bison House, David McD——. He said he had not been away from home for five years. His cousin, who is at Shuksan for his health, says he will manage the house for a week or two. It's a risk, I know, going camping with a comparative stranger; but out here risks are *nil*.

Two or three days ago I was loafing about the desk where McD—— was writing. After a while he arose and handed me a Canadian newspaper. "Northwest sheet," he observed lazily. "I used to live near Fraser River. Great country that. I haven't been on any river since I left five years ago. I used to be quite a fellow with a fly." "What do you say to a trip up the Caribou with me? Couldn't you get off?" McD—— looked surprised and returned: "I've never been around much. I've done some great camping and tramping, though, in my day, but I'm afraid the Caribou is too tame for me." "Still, after five years!" I continued, "I must see the deep places before snow comes, and a man

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was telling me yesterday about Klamath Canyon." "It's absolutely *the* season," he mused slowly. "Wonderful weather; the fire haze on the hills; the aspen trees turning; the frosts; probably snow, but not much. I wish I *could*." "Tell me tomorrow," I said, as I saw several men approaching from the Portland Express. And the next day he decided he would go. He acts like a new man already. Apathetic before, almost sullen, but today he is hurrying around oiling his gun, buying new fishing tackle, searching for a cook and matching a good team. We are going forty miles due north of Shuksan. We are taking a tent and two weeks' provisions. No cook after all. McD—— says a cook is a nuisance. I have always thought so, but I did not know what to do about it. McD—— thinks his culinary skill will come back to him, and I'm not worrying. We are going to start in the early morning. Perhaps I'll write you from the Canyon, only there's no way to send mail. Good-by.

September 12th.

My dear F——

I feel a little lame today, for last night, hoping to catch sight of a beaver, I sat perched in a tree like a silly owl. As I sat there, engaged with uncomplimentary thoughts as regards my arboreal ancestors, I heard a faint sound above the rush of the river, a feminine rustle, I imagined. I looked out from my hiding place, and there, walking down daintily to the water's edge, came six beautiful does and one stately stag. They stepped along in a leisurely graceful procession, lifting delicate heads now and then to catch stray scents and sounds. Just as my lord stag led his furry nymphs to water, a mellow Autumn moon climbed around the jagged head of Mount Klamath. They did not suspect my presence. Standing there in the cold moonlight, lowering their heads to drink, and lifting them quickly at the slightest sound, they seemed innocently isolated from the world of men. Only the rushing steps of the Caribou; moonshine lighting the frosty river stones—I felt

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it to be one of the moments eternal that will come back and back to me.

September 18th.

MY DEAR F——

Rain today, cold and sharp. McD—— says it will soon turn to snow. He planned to go fishing again, but forgot to bring a rain cap. Nevertheless, he made a dash into the weather and came back with an armful of reeds. He then proceeded to amuse himself by making a waterproof hat. He tells me he learned weaving long ago from an Indian. He wove the reeds very skilfully, and while he worked he talked of Indians he had known. McD—— is a queer fellow, of uncertain age; I can't say just where, between thirty and forty. The years have done some definite damage to him, although just what it is I don't know.

LATER.—My friend went fishing, after all. I went also, but had no luck, so I lost heart and wandered off to cut balsam boughs for my bed. It was still cloudy when I left the angler and wandered up the steep path toward Wild Cat Butte. Not a mountain in sight. I might have imagined myself on the relentless plains, save for the wet pine branches that spattered me saucily as I crept upward. A clean cold fragrance sprang from the washed earth, and gradually the clouds began to lift, the mists to separate, while I was vaguely aware of a dim light above me. Could it be the sun? Then, with theatrical suddenness, the billowy clouds dissolved to heaven, and the high crags and peaks stood forth veiled in the whitest snow. Stern Klamath was dressed like a bride with all the little ravines and shallow meadows agleam against the sky. The sun flashed out, enlightening the hills with crowns of pale gold, while the distant spruces stood intensely black, their plumey heads waving in the icy wind. I made my way breathlessly to a lone crag. The path was steep and rough, but I fancied the view from the top would be worth any effort. Up I climbed, almost on hands and knees, until I reached a pinnacle where even a daring eagle might have hesitated to chose its nesting place; and

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before I realized it, I was looking directly down into a shimmering lake caught in a crevice of the hills. Mirror of the gods, I fancied—for surely few mortal eyes had ever beheld that hidden silvery water.

Incredibly awed, I was startled as I gazed again into the limpid icy depths, startled because I remembered Acton Hayes. Do you recall the botanist, Acton Hayes, who lost his life one summer in the Canadian Rockies? On a lake as fair as this, larger, but just as lovely, no doubt, he set forth one day in a canoe—and never came back. A strong Greek of a man, able in every respect to cope with life, he paddled out into the inscrutable Mystery. And, knowing what I know of the merciless caprices of time and fate, up there on the eagle's crag, I congratulated the man whom the world called unfortunate. To sink into pure blueness reflecting heaven—what could be more perfect?

I joined McD—— before dark. He had five splendid trout.

September 20th.

MY DEAR F——

This is a continuation of September eighteenth. I was the fire builder that night, and we had a great feast of McD——'s trout. He seemed particularly genial, I thought, like a man who has been warmed by good wine. He said it was the storm, the dull rain in the valley and then the sunburst which revealed the snowy peaks. He loved a storm like that clearing before sunset. "It gives hope," he said, "to a wrecked soul." When I looked at him I saw he was serious. "Perhaps you think it's wild," he said gravely, "but even the littlest signs of hope, like the sun before night, like a tree growing bravely out of a tough rock—even those little things help a man who has been hard hit."

Then I told him about the old woman by the spring—*Nothin' makes any difference after what I been through.* He looked a little amused and returned thoughtfully: "Perhaps she said that because she was so old. How old did

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she look?" And without waiting for my conjecture—"Sometimes I wonder what keeps a man fighting—and hoping. What is the purpose of all the heart-breaking struggle? When the old woman had a mate and children and a herd of cattle to fight for, there was some object. But after that, of course nothing mattered. But others, not so old—I wonder why?" "Pride makes men fight sometimes," I replied. He looked at me sharply; then he filled his pipe and continued as if to himself: "Nothing but a sheep joint, a ranch, none too prosperous, and a few pictures of folks a fellow used to know. Sometimes I wonder why I don't go in and raise hell once and have it over with." After a long pause he said quietly: "I'm one of the fool fighters. Dope, with me! Hadn't you guessed it? I envied you fiercely when I first saw you, because you came from a great center where big things are accomplished and where men have power. You came out to a sparsely-settled country to look at the mountains and springs and the little sheep ranches and the little hotel—just for amusement. Well, I haven't always mixed up with little things myself. Years ago I intended to be a doctor. My father had money, and he sent me to a university in eastern Canada. I was ambitious and I did very well for two years. Then I had a serious attack of pneumonia, and as a result I got badly behind in my work. I was not well enough to stand the pressure of the schedule, but I determined to finish the year. An old doctor braced me with drugs for a series of examinations. The stuff and my broncho will pulled me through, but before I was aware of it the dope habit was upon me. I got fearfully down and was ashamed to go home. My father came to see me and was crazy with rage when he found out. I went into the country to recuperate, but the terrible stuff still held me. I hated myself but I couldn't get away from it. I pawned my books and clothes to get it. I tried to do active out-of-doors things in order to gain control of myself—golf and hunting. One day I went hunting with some young fellows. One was a cousin of mine, a fine manly chap, a bank clerk in—well, no matter

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where. I was too nervous to hold a gun, not to mention shooting. We were shooting at a target, and I tried my luck, but I was unsteady. The fellows laughed at my wild shots. I was a little nettled and tried it again—and then it happened! I hit my cousin in the temple. In ten minutes he was dead." The fire crackled pleasantly, just as if there were no pain the world.

"It was an accident," he continued, "my crazy nerves shattered by the damned dope that I couldn't give up. I can't remember much clearly after that; but I wanted to shoot myself, and I was watched lest I should. There were four witnesses who agreed that it was an accident, so I was cleared. But I had killed him—a fine manly chap. I had stopped his life just as a man snaps a fly—just as easy. I couldn't continue my medical course. My life seemed pretty clearly spoiled and there was nothing to do but clear out. I came to western Canada and worked around on wheat ranches, just a half-alive man eaten out by remorse and thwarted hope. I didn't dare trust myself near the towns. After several years, as my health became better, I got the upper hand of my enemy. Once, twice, I met a girl I wanted just as I used to want the dope. But I couldn't, *couldn't* ask any woman to tie herself to a wrecked man. Sometimes I have thought that a home and children might help me more than anything else. But I can't do it—I can't. And so I drag out my existence down at Shuksan—I, who so wanted to do a man's work in the world! But the West is full of us—*derelicts*. The richest man in Olequa County has been in prison, and I know another prominent citizen who is guilty of murder—not accidental. We come out to the hills for healing, for another start. I guess it's as near heaven as we'll reach. Say, did you ever know any one who believed in God?" I nodded feebly. "Isn't it a joke, a perfectly beautiful joke? And yet, if one only *could!* There was a priest out here one summer. He liked me a little, and he tried to make me understand. But I couldn't. It was like the children, I just couldn't."

That's David McD——. But he isn't so despondent

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as he seems. A man who has his marveleous health, who rides and fishes as well as he, and who loves *all* weather as a poet loves it, isn't so badly off.

September 24th.

MY DEAR F——

I think I have spoken only of McD—— since I came to Klamath, but there is Smith, the buckskin horse who is nearly as good a companion as the Scot. McD—— bought him when he was a colt. Smith is his name, without any apology. If I had been naming him I suppose it would have been Pinto or Kim or some asinine tag like that, but I call Smith downright refreshing. He was trained as a saddle horse, but it's a sermon for a sluggard to see Smith and his mate pull a load up these rock trails.

Yesterday I had a little adventure, the nearest I have come to an adventure since my last wreck on the suburban railroad. I went out early for a ride with Smith. It was just dawn and oh! cold and delightful. We went down a new trail on the ledge road of Deer Trail Canyon. There is just a shelf wide enough for a bridle path and then the earth drops five hundred feet or so to the stream bed.

I had been riding several hours, when a trail joined mine and directly ahead I saw a man on horse. You can understand my surprise when I tell you that he was the first human being we had seen since we left Shuksan. Evidently the poor fellow was lonely, for as soon as he saw me he waited for me.

We rode together for several miles while he talked. Once I was obliged to stop and change my stirrup strap. My companion stopped also, but after a moment he pointed up the road and exclaimed—"Look at that!" I looked up and saw a black object nosing the bushes. "A bear!" he cried. "They're fat this time of year and meek as old dogs." He went on while I hurried to adjust my strap. He was nearly opposite the beast when I saw it lift its head, make a lunge, and give one mighty blow with its forepaw—knocking over horse and rider as completely as a child overturns

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a tin toy. But the horse was a strenuous kicker and the loquacious old miner had not been wedded in vain to adversity. He was up in a minute, whipped out a revolver, and shot at the bear. The horse got on his feet and dashed off down the road as if he thought bruin were in pursuit. The old fellow shot several times in order to frighten the bear, then he ran towards me shouting to let him on my horse. He leaped up behind me, stuck his spurs into Smith and we rushed ignominiously past the pugnacious bear! "It was cubs!" gasped the man in my ear. "I didn't see 'em. I just saw the old one. But they was across the road in the bushes an' I passed between her an' them. Mighty dangerous business. No wonder she jumped on me. They're awful touchy with cubs, an' I never thought of 'em. I seen 'em scamper away when I lit. Ain't that the limit!" And with that the old fellow left me at the next fork in the road.

September 26th.

MY DEAR F——

Only one more day on the Caribou. A blue fire haze enveils us and I can just make out Klamath's snowy crown through the smoke-laden air. It is very warm, almost like a day in summer. I brought Smith out to a high meadow where gentians are still blooming. I understand now why poets write of "blue psychology." Blue is the dominant color in the Autumn mountains. The mysterious beauty of solitude overwhelms me in this gentian meadow, and I wish—I wish I knew nothing of the White Man's Burden. I wish I could stay here forever in this peaceful azure world. Gentle today, Nature would kill me tomorrow if she chose.

A green insect with wings of finest criss-cross gold web creeps slowly over the head of a gentian; the buckskin stops munching grass for an instant and sniffs the smoky breeze; an eagle wings in wide circles over the ponderous stillness of the valley—and I shall remember this high peace, moment by moment, forever.

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A MOUNTAIN STORM

KATHARINE LEE BATES

OUR blue sierras shone serene, sublime,
When ghostly shapes came crowding up the air,
Shadowing the landscape with some vast despair;

And all was changed as in weird pantomime,
Transfigured into vague, fantastic form
By that tremendous carnival of storm.

Pilgrim processions of bowed trees that climb
To sacred summits, in the clashing hail
Shuddered like flagellants beneath the flail.

Most gracious hills, in that tempestuous time,
Went wild as angered bulls, with bellowing cry
And goring horns that strove to charge the sky.

Masses of rock, long gnawed by stealthy rime,
With sudden roar that made our bravest blanch,
Came volleying down in fatal avalanche.

All nature seemed convulsed in some fierce crime,
And then a rainbow, and behold! the sun
Was comforting the harebells one by one;

And all was still save for the vesper chime
From far, faint belfry bathed in creamy light,
And the soft footfalls of the coming night.

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REVOLUTION AMONG THE CLERGY

MERCER G. JOHNSTON

"I AM come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled?" These are the revolutionary words of the Founder of Christianity whose "blood-red banner streams afar."

If the Christian Church is to save itself it must ponder more profoundly than it has ever done, and preach to itself with more prophetic passion than it has ever done, upon this fundamental text of the religion of Jesus Christ. Of course the Church sings about the "blood-red banner" of its Lord and Master. But the Church does not take its singing very seriously. It has been a long time since it did. If it did, the Magnificat, which has recently been dubbed by a church-bred revolutionist the "Hymn of Democracy," would not be sung Sunday after Sunday in so many of our churches. "He hath filled the hungry with good things"—so runs this Marseillaise of Christianity—" and "—so it boldly goes on —" the rich he hath sent empty away."

Just picture to yourself the average well-to-do not to say rich congregation, in which the *proletariat* is conspicuous by its absence, singing this radical revolutionary song! If you did not know that they did not mean it, you would expect the singers to get out of their seats in a hurry for fear of being put out with a heavy hand. But you expect nothing of the kind, for you know they are just singing. You are not for a moment tempted to believe you are in a meeting of the Industrial Workers of the World or any other sort of radical meeting. You know perfectly well by experience you are in a meeting of conservatives (radical only in their conservatism—stand-patters leaning backwards to a dangerous degree), and that they are just singing as they go about their queer pastime of worshipping a Radical they believe to be safely dead.

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Your true conservative always worships a dead radical. The worship of anything else than a radical, whether living or dead, would be too seriously uninteresting even for a conservative. But to the conservative the only good radical is a dead radical. And Jesus the Radical is no exception to the rule. True, the conservative Church dogmatises about his resurrection. But it does not take its dogma much if any more seriously than its singing. Or, if it does, it comforts itself with the thought that the Radical of nineteen hundred years ago has long since been converted and that he is now "good" and thoroughly ashamed of his youthful radicalism.

There are those who do not hesitate to say the Christian Church cannot be saved. That as a force making for the good of humanity it is lost past redemption. And the voices of those who say this are by no means to be despised. They make up a chorus of criticism too great in volume to be ignored even if it did not represent, as it undoubtedly does, intellectual capacity and personal character in a marked degree. But although I have long listened to this chorus of uncompromising criticism of the Church, and am writing now in sight and in sound of it, I do not hold the belief that the Christian Church cannot be saved. That it is in a perilous condition I believe and have plainly declared. It is "fast bound in misery and iron." Its "damnation slumbereth not." The Spirit that spoke to the Seven Churches through the writer of the Book of the Revelation in the First Century is today speaking to all the Churches that go to make up the Christian Church of the Twentieth Century, and the tone in which it is speaking is strikingly like that in which it was said to the Church of Laodicea: "I will spue thee out of my mouth." Nevertheless I believe in the salvability of the Christian Church. Otherwise I would not bother to speak as I am doing. I believe the Spirit—the Zeit Geist—which begins by threatening to spue the Christianity of the Church out of its mouth, ends by saying: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent." It is just because I believe the Church can repent and be saved, can change her mind and her manners with the changing

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social order and play an important and noble part in the bringing in of the New Day of Social Justice and Brotherhood, that I am not only troubling myself to speak my mind but am bringing down upon my head the charge of being a troubler of Israel.

But if the Church of today is to come to repentance and a better mind, it must, without further delay, catch and hold the revolutionary spirit of the real Christ, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. The Church must, as I began by saying, ponder profoundly and preach to itself passionately upon the text: "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled?"

I say the Church *must*. And indeed it must. It must either change with the changing social order, and play the practical part God and humanity demand of such an organization, or it must go to the scrap heap. Already the fire is kindled. Its crackling can be heard on every hand, and now and then the very heavens are illuminated with the glare of it. The old social order is changing. The new social order is coming. The Christianity of the Churches—the Christianity that bids men worship a God who is a "stickler for etiquette" and indifferent to social injustice—is in the crucible. Men of thought in our institutions of learning, and men of action on the firing line of the world-wide democratic social movement, are proclaiming in earnest words from chairs and rostrums and soap-boxes that they have scant respect for the "introspective devotionalism" of the churches in such critical times as these; that society has outgrown "the conception of religion as a thing of rites and ceremonies, of cloisters and retreats, of holy days and holy places, and is coming to view it as the divine principle for all living;" that men "are tiring of the smell of incense;" that the workers of the world feel "the hollowness of a religion paraded on Sunday," and demand a religion effective from Monday to Saturday in the shops and streets and wherever men bear the burden and heat of the day.

There has arisen in our day a new school of prophets outside the ranks of the Christian ministry—lay prophets,

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like Amos the herdsman and many another great social-minded soul ordained by God to be a prophet without the intervention of man-made ecclesiastical machinery. These lay prophets are to a marked degree the spiritual leaders of our times. Many of them are speaking with an authority all too strange in the pulpits of our churches, rising up early and remaining up late to teach our generation the principles of justice upon which alone the brotherhood of man can be established in permanent fashion.

But inasmuch as this school of prophets is to a greater or less extent outside of the Church—not only the ministry of the Church but the Church itself—the Church may find it easy to "pass them up." The Church dignitaries may sit in the seat of the scornful whenever they appear upon the scene. The Church may gather its sacred vestments close about itself and pass by them on the other side, pretending neither to see them nor to hear them. In some large measure this is just exactly what the Church has been doing. During the prophetic bombardment from the outside that has now been going on with increasing vigor for the past twenty years or more, the strength of the Church (so it has thought) has been to sit still and close. "Mum" has been the word. The Church has looked down upon these outlandish prophets with a superior air that seemed to say: "What in the world are you benighted fools shooting at anyway? If at me, you are wasting your ammunition. You can never touch me. I am beyond the range of your social pop-guns!"

Fortunately, both for the Church (though it does not as yet realize it) and for humanity, it is not alone in these outside prophets that the revolutionary fires have been kindled. God has not left Himself without witnesses to the new social order within the innermost circles of the Church itself. The bosom of the Founder of Christianity was a furnace of social revolution heated seven times more than such human furnaces are wont to be heated. For nearly sixteen hundred years the fires of that mighty furnace have been banked most of the time. Now those fires are beginning to burn afresh and fiercely within the bosoms of certain of those who have

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been set apart to be in a peculiar sense the ministers of Jesus Christ and who stand within the inner sanctuary of the Christian Church. That is to say, the Christian Church is by no means immune to the spirit of social revolution. Far from it. Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say the Church is honeycombed with social revolutionists. But it would be well within bounds to assert that some of the most dangerous social revolutionists of our time are being bred and nourished and equipped for direct action within the bosom of the Church—revolutionists as dangerous to the present covetous social order with which the Christian Church is living in illicit relations as Jesus was to the covetous social order of his day; revolutionists Christ-like in their passionate love of justice and their hatred of greed no matter how gloriously gilded, and Christ-like in their defiance of greed not matter how deeply entrenched; revolutionists who would expose and execute greed just as quickly in a high-priced pew of a fashionable church with a bishop beaming down upon him as they would if they caught him in the act of robbing the poor.

Two of the most daring revolutionists in America at the present moment are church-bred; and not only church-bred, but educated for the ministry—one for the Episcopal, the other for the Presbyterian Church. Each is an out-and-outer, holding his life as cheaply as Jesus did when he set his face to go to Jerusalem. In the case of one of these men, if not of both of them, there are those in the best sort of standing in the churches who do them reverence. It is the sheerest folly for the "rulers in Israel" to give themselves wise airs when the names of these men are mentioned and say they have no following save among such as joined David when he was an outcast and made his headquarters in the cave of Adullam. For, in the first place, if this were so, the ecclesiastical wiseacre would be answered by reminding him that David disrupted Saul's kingdom with the aid of his distressed, debt-ridden, discontented following; and in the second place, the charge is false, as is so often the case with the charges of those whose primary god is some sort of an

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ecclesiastical machine, and who honor God Almighty only so long as He runs.

Just the other day a multi-millionaire who occupies various posts of honor in the Episcopal Church told me he held one of these men in far higher esteen than any minister in New York City; and that the last time he parted with this man he had a strong feeling that he himself was not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes. Another man of large means, doing business successfully in Wall Street, brought up a Presbyterian, told me as we talked together late one night on the stoop of the house in which this revolutionist lived, that this man seemed to him so much more a true follower of Jesus Christ than his own pastor or any minister he knew that he had left his church and now looked to him for leadership in the highest matters.

One of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, leader among the socialists of America (and it may be said in passing that if when the social revolution gets in full swing America can compromise on socialism it may account itself happy) was educated, partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, for the Wesleyan ministry. And this man is a power, both on and off the rostrum. It is doubtful if there are a half dozen men in the ministry in America who could hold their own with him in a debate touching the fundamentals of human society. He counts his followers not only by the thousand but by the hundred-thousand, and they are drawn from every walk of life, their chief common characteristic being the willingness and the ability to think in terms of something besides dollars and cents, and their persistent belief that a man is better than a sheep or even his weight in gold.

The cases of these three church-bred, church-trained revolutionary leaders are cited merely by way of example. Their number might be multiplied, as every man knows who knows the revolutionary movement from the inside. If the social and ecclesiastical pall-bearers of our day—the conservatives and reactionaries whose business in life seems to be to screw down the lid of the social or ecclesiastical coffin just

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before it is lowered into the grave—could see the seeds of revolution germinating in the Christian Church at this moment, as men and women whose eyes are no longer holden see them, they would denounce the Church as a hot-bed of revolution and flee from it with dismay. They would not stop to sterilize it. That, they have already tried over and over and over again. And they had deceived themselves into thinking, socially speaking, the Christian Church was prefectly sterile. They are now about to learn the painful lesson that sterilization is of no avail against the social yeast of Jesus Christ—once that yeast begins to work. After so long a time Jesus Christ is looking in on our world again—through the earnest eyes of utterly devoted men and women, if you will, but still looking in—and saying: "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled?" People who understand things know that it has indeed been kindled! In every industrial centre it can be seen running along the ground! Even the grangers see the glare of it and are dreaming dreams like the shepherds of old who watched their flocks by night!

If it be said that these church-bred and church-trained revolutionists to whom I have referred have left the Church by the front door or been thrust out of the Church by the side door, and are therefore no longer to be reckoned with as Christian ministers, or even as members of the Christian Church, I would answer: First, they must be reckoned with, whatever they are, or wherever they are. They are human factors of prime importance that must be taken into consideration. They can no more be ignored by any social organization than can a box of dynamite on a railroad track be ignored by a passing train. Second, they are prophets of the kingdom of God on earth, whether or not they are in good standing in the Christian Church as narrowly conceived by ecclesiastics and those who think as ecclesiastics have trained them to think. Third, the story of revolution within the Church is by no means ended when reference has been made to certain outstanding church-bred, church-trained revolutionary leaders who have passed over the border that

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(according to our bad way of thinking) is supposed to divide the sacred from the secular, and who are now regarded by ecclesiastics and those who think as ecclesiastics bid them think as bedevilled disturbers of the peace in the realm of the secular.

That is not half the story. That is only the first chapter of the story. The end of it no man may yet write, but the faces of the prophets of our day are illumined as they look up into the face of Him who is writing this story; and they are not sorry that some of the story is being written with their blood, for they know the ending is to be a good ending for all mankind. But the second chapter of this story (and we can pursue it no further at this time) deals with the spirit of revolution among those who at this moment are in perfectly good standing in the separate units of that big aggregation we call the Christian Church. Some of these are laymen and laywomen. Some of them are ministers. Some of these ministers are bishops. That is to say, the seeds of social revolution are germinating in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Christian Church. Even there the social yeast is at work, and the human vessels that contain it are pulsing with a new life that is demanding a new heaven and a new earth, a new interpretation of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, a new social order in which the fatherhood of God shall be a reasonable faith because the brotherhood of man is an accomplished fact. Even there the long banked social fire of Jesus Christ is making crevices in the ashes and creeping out and running along the ground (shall I lapse into popular thought and say the sacred ground?), and finding its way stealthily into the cold rooms where sermons are wont to be made. Yes, and sometimes boldly leaping up in those ornamental iceboxes where sermons are wont to be preached.

This is not random talk. This is no mere social surmising by one whose heart knows the bitterness of the barrenness of the ecclesiastical Christianity that insults the name of Jesus Christ in the Twentieth Century and who seeks to cheer himself up by speaking out what he wishes deep down in his heart were true. I could speak by the book if I dared,

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and speak volumes. I could quote letters and words written and spoken to me by clergymen and by laymen and laywomen—letters and conversations not by the dozens but by the hundreds—that would fully justify all I have said. Within these past few months I have read and heard a rousing revelation of the revolutionary potentialities of that placid organization we call the Church. I have peered through the banked ashes into hundreds of crevices and seen the awakening fires. I know that there is burning indignation in thousands of Christian breasts over the present mammonistic state of the Christian Church, and the easy acquiesence on the part of too many of those chosen for leadership in this shameful condition. I know that some of the best of the younger spirits in the Christian ministry are almost heart-broken over the no-leadership of the Church's appointed leaders, and are sick at the stomach over the everlasting ding-donging and sing-songing of the devil's doctrine of "safety first" by which too many of these faithless leaders seem to think the world is to be saved; and I know that the best of the younger spirits who might enter the Christian ministry, and whose presence in the ministry is absolutely essential at this moment to save that calling from rapid degeneration, are holding aloof from the ministry by reason of their indignation or disgust over this unChrist-like ding-donging and sing-songing of these bouy-bishops who get nowhere no matter how strong the social tides run. I know this, and much more besides, and I thank God that I know it; for if, in an era that calls aloud for crucifixions (or at least the limitless daring of them), the Christian Church were content through and through to pursue its even way, like some over-dressed and over-fed dancer of bygone days in the minuet, the deep damnation of the taking off of the Founder of Christianity would be as nothing compared with the deep damnation of the staying on of the spiritually scuttled organization that bears His name.

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ROSES

SARAH L. FLOWERS

GIVE me roses while I live,
Wait not till death shall come;
Far, far more pleasure they will give
Before my lips are numb.

Bank not roses o'er my grave,
Nor deck my icy brow;
Their fragrance then I shall not crave—
I'd rather have them now.

For I shall wear immortal flowers
When death my eyes shall close—
And dwell 'mid amaranthine bowers
'T will far surpass the rose!

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THE OLD MAN'S DISCOVERY

CHARLES H. MANN

I ONCE called upon an aged friend of mine and found him in a highly exhilarated mental condition. He seemed full of exultation. He declared this was the happiest time of his life, and that his happiness came from the discovery of his personal greatness. He had never suspected it until recently; but in thinking over the passing years (he was approaching his eightieth), it suddenly dawned upon him that he was a great man!

I could not help mentally questioning my friend's sanity. The illusions of self-greatness are common symptoms of an approaching lunacy. Unsound folk are apt to pose as persons of no common order—as statesmen, or orators, or generals, or even kings and emperors. I feared that the old man was suffering from an attack of megalomania. I assumed that he meant by his greatness that he had made no mistakes in life; that he had never done wrong, and that he had been the hero of mighty achievements. Falling in with this interpretation of his mood, I suggested as much.

But no! He declared that he had been a most mistake-making individual. He had committed many blind and stupid blunders; he had often made an ass of himself; he had been foolish almost to criminality; he had broken many Commandments; not unfrequently he had found himself selfish and unkind; he had been the victim of boundless conceits; and more than these things, he had been mean and lying; he had done things low and disgraceful; in fact he had behaved about as badly as he could and keep out of prison.

All this was very mystifying, and set me to wondering what he meant by the discovery that he was so great. I demanded an explanation.

He had come into a realization of his greatness, he declared, first through his attitude toward himself. We are often very anxious, he said, concerning what others may

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think of us; yet that is relatively of very trifling moment. But what one thinks of himself is of tremendous significance, for by one's thought of self does he determine what shall be the principles of his life. As applied to foolish or malicious acts my venerable friend had discovered, he said, that they all possessed an immense potential value because of what they might be made to signify to one's self. Mistaken or iniquitous deeds may be made to bear good fruit in the states of mind to be gotten out of them. In his remarkable book, "Timothy Titcomb Letters," Mr. J. G. Holland expresses this idea in his statement that until a young man had discovered that he was an ass, and had made good use of the lesson of that discovery, he isn't worth much. Those who never make mistakes, nor do wrong—or imagine themselves free from such things—are generally uninteresting and unsympathetic, if they be not actual bores. But they who have made mistakes and gained wisdom from them, and who have yielded to temptations and learned the lessons they teach, may really develop into something well worth while.

"How do you avoid being contaminated by these things?" I asked. How can you make these oppressive and humiliating experiences actually uplifting so that you get from them the feeling of the personal greatness you now exult in?

"Simply," said the old man, "from the attitude of mind I assume toward them. I decline to own these things. I renounce all connection with them. I expropriate them. They are not mine. Their moral unwholesomeness is comparable to the physical unwholesomeness of some kinds of diseases. If a man has small-pox, you do not consider it against him that he is in an impure physical condition. That is a feature of the disease; it does not belong to the man's normal self. If a man is very weak because just recovering from the grippe, you do not think of blaming him on account of his lack of vigor. Rather you extend to him your sympathy. It is like the case of a person who has been made a prisoner by savages. While in that humiliating bondage he may be compelled to live in ways that violate every sense of respect be-

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longing to a civilized man; but you do not deem him accountable for that. It is due to a condition for which he is not responsible. If a group of persons escaping from a foundering vessel is cast adrift in an open boat far out at sea, who would dream of holding them answerable for all the abnormal things they might be constrained to do? The same judgment would apply to a company cast away on a desert island."

"And how about moral disorders?" I asked.

"Doubtless," said the old man, "we have all read books on the ministry of pain, which make out that bodily suffering often proves very valuable because of the effects it accomplishes in the life of the one who endures it. Why may not the same principles be applicable to moral and spiritual misbehaviors that we apply to physical abnormalities? The many conditions coercing man's conduct must be taken into consideration in passing judgment upon it. Under unusual circumstances a man may be swept along by a tide of irresistible forces to very condemnable acts. But whether irresistible or not, the subsequent significance of what he has done is according to the attitude he assumes toward the fact that he is actually the doer of such things. One must approve of his deeds in order to make them his own. And if he makes himself guilty of them, he is also in another way making them his own. To be free, he must renounce his ownership in them altogether. The self in him that did them was not his real self. In the end, the residuum of character resulting from an experience, whatever be the quality, moral or otherwise, or the experience itself, is its reality—it is all the reality that any experience can possess."

II

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the old man's self-exultation was his fervent rejoicing in finding himself still possessed of the sense of wonder. He was more profoundly moved by this feeling, he declared, than he was in his youth; but in a different way. He did not wonder now as he did when a child, at tricks of legerdemain or at the doings

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of professional magicians, or at the striking and sense-impressive phenomena of nature; but he more clearly and vividly than ever before realized the inherent marvelousness of life and of being, the unfathomable mysteries environing us; and especially was he deeply moved by his belief in the not-yet-discovered fields of consciousness and of knowledge.

Again, he had a growing appreciation of a possible life outside our present experience. He found kingdoms of living creatures below man; which could know absolutely nothing of man or of his nature; and yet, by their contribution to man's needs, they were a part of human life. Such, for instance, are sea animals. What can fish know of humans, whom nevertheless they serve as food? What can seals know of the luxury and the elegance to which they minister? What could the whales of eighty years ago know of the beings for whose lights they supplied the fuel? What can the bees know of the taste and the hunger of which they gather such delicious sweets? He once lived on a bluff in California which overlooked a chicken farm and he was intensely interested in the active energy and apparent interest the fowls exhibited in scratching for food, in the cackling of the hens at the laying of eggs, and in the cocks crowing in exultation. They seemed to enjoy their life immensely. But how absolutely unaware they must have been that they were a feature of a life transcending every capacity of the tiny field of their comprehension to know anything about. Comparable to this may there not be a life transcending life as we experience it, yet of which we are a part? *Why not?* He saw no limit to the potential consciousness of man; and he had the feeling that even now there is a life above man's—greater than anything man can conceive of, yet of which man is a part. He quoted from Henry James, the elder, father of the late novelist of that name, these words: "I see throughout all history the universal march of a great spiritual end or purpose, which is so high above man's thought as to find its stepping-stones alternately in his wisdom and in his folly, and so high above his best affections as to make his very vices contribute with his virtues to its final evolution."

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This sense of wonder led to the old man's insistence upon regarding his attainment of wisdom as never complete. He was even now looking for more light, and he had discovered very much to his satisfaction that he still possessed a virile capacity for growth. He had anticipated from what he had observed in the aged, and had also been told about them, that in the later years of his life he would be chiefly concerned in making himself physically comfortable and in talking over old times and enjoying reminiscences of the joys and the ideals of his youth. But on the contrary, he had found practically that he did not like to think of the times of his youth. Right here, in fact, was one of the services of his past misbehaviors of which he had been making good use. He had discovered to his unspeakable joy that he was yet capable of receiving new ideas. He had hold of a new conception yesterday, and had been enjoying it greatly He anticipated that he should very likely get another tomorrow. By this capacity for further growth he did not mean that he was fickle—that is, changing in fundamental ways. It was true that his great convictions concerning human life and destiny were not stationary; they were growing. But they were the subjects of an orderly evolution; not of sudden revolutions. He was advancing continually into fuller apprehension of the realities of life, and a correspondingly greater enjoyment of them. Notwithstanding his many years, he was still a student; he was still anticipating greater and better things yet to come.

III

"But," said I, "you seem to take the question of forgiveness of wrongdoing wholly into your own hands. How about the forgiveness of God? Have you sought his pardon? Have you had your sins removed?"

"The forgiveness of God," said the old man, "if by it you mean some sort of a change of attitude on His part toward the transgressor, is an infantile notion, wholly eliminated from a mind spiritually adult. It is a mediaeval conception. Especially is its childishness evident when you

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imagine that forgiveness consists in the remission of the penalty of the wrongdoing as if the whole affair were a question of legality merely. The Commandments, so called, are only a formulation of the laws of one's own members. Every father does a similar thing for his child. He commands the little one, for instance, not to eat of unripe fruit. To his son, the sin of eating such fruit is the sin of disobeying his father, but that is only an appearance. Even in the Garden of Eden allegory, it is related that Adam and Eve suffered as an immediate effect the death—that is, the loss of their innocence—which Jehovah had declared would follow their eating of the fruit of that special tree, and this before He is represented as knowing of their disobedience. That He later drove the man from the Garden was not as a punishment, but "lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life." *With the wise men, sin is recognized as a violation of the laws of his own members, and forgiveness is putting a stop to such conduct. Real forgiveness consists supremely in sending the evil away. God's part in forgiveness is to bestow the strength for the amendment of one's life.* As one renounces his foolishness and ceases to disobey the laws of his own members, so does he forgive himself his sins.

"And how about the upbraidings of conscience, the self-condemnation for the wrongs you have done?" I asked.

"Their only value," he replied, "is to lead you to this act of self-forgiveness which consists in not doing such things any more. We must distinguish here very carefully between judging an act as evil, and judging the doer of the act as blameworthy. We may condemn the former without passing judgment upon the latter."

To sit in a really judicial attitude of mind upon one's own behavior, this my friend looked upon as experiencing the genuine glory of being a man. "It is Divine," he said. "It constitutes the grandest achievement possible for man. By pronouncing a judgment upon himself, just and true, neither condemning in a way he would not condemn another, nor excusing in a way he would not excuse another; and then by amending his life in harmony with such a judgment—by do-

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ing this a man attains self-forgiveness. For it is not the part of the man that has been judged, but the part of him that passes the judgment that is the real self of the man."

"But how about the just punishment for violated law? If you have done the dreadful things you say you have, are you not self-condemned, and ought you not to be punished for them?"

"Punishment," he declared, "has no place in the Divine order. *What we call "punishment" is the painful effect of disorders, which are provided for the sake of the lesson they convey. They are educative. They are Divine messengers telling us not to do such things.* To add to their ill-effects by an artificially devised punishment is to meddle with the working of the laws of God. We are learning this in our most enlightened prison management. No wise penologist today approves of the idea that punishment is the purpose of our penal institutions. You may legitimately, therefore, get rid of punishment as a painful experience by your aptness in learning your lesson."

"If the lessons which transgressors get from their wrong-doing are so helpful in leading to good," I said, "would not this argue in favor of freely violating law for the purpose of getting the advantage of these valuable lessons?"

"If that circuitous route to wisdom be your choice," said my aged friend, "I answer, yes. If you prefer to go to heaven via hell—what is there to hinder? But such a choice is a fool's decision." George McDonald, a novelist of the last generation, advised his readers to get the lessons of life through their eyes and ears; for if you do not, he added, you must take them through your skin, which is a much more painful process. "I will guide thee by mine eye. Be ye not as the horse or as the mule which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held with bit and bridle lest they come near unto thee" (Ps. xxxii:8-9). John dear, said the gentle mother, it is time for you to go to bed now. John hesitated; he wanted to sit up longer. John, said the father, will you go to bed now, or will you take a whipping and then go to bed?

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"I am tremendously convinced," said my friend, "my conviction thrills me through and through, that *we are in this world as children of God at school,* and *that we realize the purpose of our being here through learning the lessons presented to us in every experience, and at every turn. Getting this education is the Divine end for which we are here.* We are bound to get it. We may take it directly or indirectly; by noting the testimony of the eye and ear, or through the skin; by being guided by the eye of God, or by being held in with bit and bridle; by going to bed of our free action at the proper time, or by requiring a whipping first—but sooner or later, get that education we must. And when we get it, our own greatness is revealed to us. That revelation has been made to me; therefore my exultation.

IV

But the supreme ground for the self-glorying of this octogenarian was not from his attitude toward himself. I found that he had also and more especially come into his consciousness of greatness through his assuming the same attitude toward others. He found himself, he declared, at one with all. The consciousness of his own greatness was conditioned upon his application of a similar law of judgment to others. The significance he attached to their failures must be like that which he attached to his own. He measured them by no different standards from those he applied to his own acts. The others might have done things externally much worse than those he had done; but he could not set up the degree of wrong for which he could be forgiven as the limit of forgivableness for others. The slightest error on his part, in thought or behavior, identified him at once with all who do wrong, however they might differ from him in degree. If a certain measure of temptation in his life was so irresistible as to entitle him to disown the fault as not rightly to be charged against him, no matter how slight it was, he had only to multiply the degree of temptation to excuse any degree of wrong-doing. It is simply a question of multiplication. Thus my friend made out that the attitude he as-

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sumed in his interpretation of the lives of others was an element demonstrating his own greatness. It reminds one of the remarkable story credited to John Bradford, the Chaplain of Edward VI., who, as he looked upon a criminal being led to execution, exclaimed: "But for the grace of God, behold John Bradford."

The most glorious feature of the old man's greatness as he judged it, was right at this point, namely: that *every other human is equally great.* His greatness was not competitive, but co-operative. It was a greatness common to all. *The greatness of a man because of his distinction from others is hell; the greatness of a man because of his identification with all, is heaven. The greatness of man as man is a greatness which gives the individual man a sense of humility in the presence of what he himself inmostly is.* With this interpretation of greatness we might be excused in adopting the behavior of a man of whom Wendell Phillips said: "His self-respect was so great that he always took off his hat at the mention of his own name."

The greatness which any man realizes as a man is a contribution to the greatness of all others. It has no limitation. The larger the number of great ones there are, the greater is every individual of them. Men may be said to pool their greatnesses by which the greatness of each is increased by that of every other one. The greatness of every individual in the whole universe is increased by every addition to that whole. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made" declared the Psalmist (cxxxix-14); but he was not boasting, for all others are "fearfully and wonderfully made," including the wretch of the slums. One may glory in the wonder of his eye, but he would not then be glorying in himself, for he did not invent the eye. "I did not invent being a man," said my friend, "and so the greatness I exult in is a greatness of what I find myself to be, and does not imply any sort of comparison with any person or thing outside myself. I am a man, and being a man I am therefore great."

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THE ORGAN

D. N. LEHMER

FAR up the hill, against the sky,
A lonely tree is growing;
A mighty live-oak, mounted high,
Where every wind that passes by
Can set its branches blowing.

Calm and serene it stands alone,
Apart from all its brothers;
When by the wind its pipes are blown
It answers with an organ tone,
Deeper than all the others.

In springtime, when the hazy mist
Across the hill is straying,
The south wind is the organist,
And from its branches,—Nay, but list!
The pipes of Pan are playing!

In winter, when on other trees
No leaf of autumn lingers,
Hark to the stormy symphonies
That surge up from the organ keys
Beneath the north wind's fingers!

High on the hill, against the blast,
In living rock deep rooting!
Would that my soul could stand as fast—
The howling storm that rages past
To harmony transmuting!

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THE STORY OF TRUFANOFF

ISAAC DON LEVINE.

Iliodor Sergei Trufanoff came to America this fall with an interesting and unusual story. It was to be given publicity through a well-known magazine. Everything was arranged—when suddenly the long arm of Russia reached over and blacked it out. It has since appeared, in FORUM.

WHEN the history of Russia for the past decade comes to be written, one of the hardest tasks for the historian will be to correctly characterize, analyze, and place the figure of Sergei Trufanoff, known as Monk Iliodor, who managed to keep himself in the limelight during the most tempestuous period of modern Russian history. The remarkable thing about it all is that the difficulty presented in this case will not be found in any other case, for all the public men in Russian life are easily divided into two distinct and opposite categories, the radical and reactionary forces. The first includes revolutionaries, liberals, progressives; the second includes bureaucrats, reactionaries, conservatives. But Sergei Trufanoff belongs to neither category. He represents no sharply defined political or theological doctrine. He stands for no single and individual party, group, or class. And yet he symbolizes a force or a body absolutely essential for the correct estimate and true understanding of the period of transition through which Russia is passing.

Born in the year of 1880 in the region of the Don Cossacks, Trufanoff attended elementary school at home. Then he was sent to Yaroslavl, to study in the seminary there, from which, after graduating, he was retained as instructor by the director. The career of Trufanoff through school was rather ordinary, and his biography furnishes nothing interesting till the memorable year of 1905. This was the year of the Russian Revolution. The Czar's October manifesto, granting liberty to Russia, reverberated even in the depths of the Yaroslavl Seminary. The faculty were formulating demands for more freedom when young Trufanoff began to threaten his colleagues with a report to the authorities that they were revolutionists. His threat had effect. At the same time, the series of pogroms that followed the October manifesto were shaking the country. The Black Hundred and the Real Russians, backed by the authorities, were terrorizing with knife and pistol the progressive elements. The bloody tide of reaction was setting in. Trufanoff soon became identified with the Black Hundred organization. His zeal in the cause of the Czar made him a nuisance at the seminary. Also Yaroslavl presented no fertile field for his activities. There were almost no Jews at all in this town. So to the

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relief of the faculty, Trufanoff was sent to the Potchayev Monastery, in Volhynia.

Potchayev was already notorious by that time as the most redoutable stronghold of the dark forces. Trufanoff was ordained monk in the monastery and given the name of Iliodor, under which name he is still known throughout Russia. There were weekly fairs held in Potchayev, at which thousands of peasants from the surrounding country were assembled. Here was an opportunity for Iliodor to do some big things. He was not slow in grasping it. He began addressing the large peasant congregations. His success was phenomenal. Many other monks from the monastery often spoke at the weekly fair, but theirs was the old, conventional way of speaking. Not so that of Iliodor. He was sharp, blunt, and sometimes unintelligible to the educated listener, but always understood by the raw mind and formless soul of the Russian peasant. His intellect and the audience's were akin, were practically the same. Much has been said and written about Iliodor's oratory. Few understood it. To the Petrograd or Moscow correspondents who came to hear Iliodor, his talk was a puzzle, a mystery, or a lot of nonsense. The truth is that Iliodor's speech was the audible expression of the moujik's state of mind, of the elemental Russian soul. If that expression were imperfect, it was nevertheless a true reflection of things. It mirrored the blind strivings of the peasant's soul, his search for the right and the just. If Iliodor left things unsaid, it was because his emotions could not be expressed in words. And his emotions were the emotions of his audiences, and they understood him perfectly. An understanding of his success as a speaker will also lead to a full comprehension of his entire career.

The fame of the young monk spread rapidly far and wide. He was taken as the apostle of the reactionary forces both by the radicals and the Black Hundred. He denounced the Jews mercilessly. He passionately professed his loyalty to the Czar. The first of these two ruling ideas in his addresses was a matter of mind and logic. The second a matter of emotion and sentiment. And also in this respect he symbolizes the Russian peasant. The love for the Czar, the Little Father, is rock-ribbed in the heart of the moujik. This is an indisputable fact, whether pleasant or not. The attitude toward the Jew is entirely a matter of information and knowledge. The vast majority of the Russian peasantry don't know the Jew. When the moujik is told that the Jews are responsible for all his misfortunes and troubles, he believes it. Iliodor knew little about the Jews. He imbibed a lot of misinformation, and therefore blamed the Jews for everything.

From Potchayev, Iliodor was taken by the Black Hundred organization of Tzaritzin, a large industrial city on the Volga, to become their leader and to edit their black sheet. This occurred in 1907. Here re-

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markable events began to occur. Iliodor showed that he possessed influence in no less a sphere than the Court. The Governor of the Province and other high officials were on several occasions overruled by Iliodor in very important questions. It was sufficient for him to wire "somewhere," and he always carried a disputed point. Gossip was rife in the empire, though newspapers were forbidden to publish any news in this connection. That Iliodor had influence with the Czar is however an indisputable fact, as later events prove. It was rumored strongly in well-informed circles in Russia that the Czar favored the Black Hundred. If this were true, then the explanation of how Iliodor came near the Czar is obvious. The whole career of Iliodor disproves the stories that he was introduced into Court through feminine influences. It is indubitable that he had the opportunity to wield enormous power in Russia, but Iliodor was no charlatan, nor was he crooked, subtle, nor hypocritical.

Iliodor was too big a man to remain in the ranks of the Black Hundred organization to edit their paper. And so in Tzaritzin, as in Potchayev, he turned toward the masses. His influence here expanded rapidly. As a monk, living in the Monastery, he was subjected to the Church authorities. But Iliodor was original. While loyal to the Czar, he had little respect for the authorities. As years went by, his conflicts with the Church and temporal authorities multiplied. If he was condemned to solitude in his cell, he would disobey. This naturally added to his prestige among the masses. He was planning to build a large school for 5,000 poor children and educate them in the spirit of Christ and loyalty to the Czar. His followers increased by leaps and bounds. Tzaritzin became a pilgrimage centre. Tens of thousands eagerly caught each sound emanating from Iliodor's mouth. The authorities saw a menace in him, and finally planned to get rid of him. For disrespect to the church, he was sentenced to be transferred to the Novosilsk Monastery, a remote place. But he did not stay there long. He simply left it and came back to Tzaritzin. His immediate superior gave him protection, and entrenched in the midst of his admirers, he defied law and authority.

The nation was astir with Iliodor. Here was a revolutionary who held his own against the powerful machinery of the State and Church. The case finally reached the Holy Synod. On April 9, 1911, the highest church court in the country took up the question of Iliodor's disobedience to authorities. There were present at the session the Metropolitan of Petrograd and Over-Procurator of the Holy Synod, a member of the Russian Cabinet. A deputation form Tzaritzin came to ask the Synod to pardon Iliodor. The Synod found him guilty, but in view of his "sickness" sentenced him to a two months' stay in a Crimean Monastery. The deputation vainly pleaded the fol-

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lowing day with the Petrograd Metropolitan for a pardon. "There is nothing left for Iliodor but obey this time," said the highest Church authority in Russia.

Then something happened. It became a case of Iliodor versus the Synod, *i. e.*, the Russian Church. The issue was clear-cut. And Iliodor won. April 14 the Over-Procurator was called out to Tzarskoye Selo, the Czar's residence place. An extraordinary session of the Holy Synod was set for April 15, this in spite of the fact that the Synod had adjourned for the Easter holidays and most of the members had left Petrograd. There the Over-Procurator reported that "the Court wants to see Iliodor back in Tzaritzin," and, what is probably the most unique case in the history of the Holy Synod of Russia, the decision of the Synod of April 10 was reversed and the wish of the Sovereign fulfilled. Iliodor had defeated the Holy Synod.

Then another character, dark and mysterious, afraid of the limelight, began to move across the screen of Russian life. The name of this new figure was the late-assassinated Rasputin, also a monk. Iliodor knew Rasputin well. It is even said that Iliodor put Rasputin in touch with the "high spheres." Another reported probability is that the enemies of Iliodor introduced Rasputin in order to get rid of the former. Whatever the origin, the result was actually the gradual removal of Iliodor from the Court. Rasputin was just the opposite of Iliodor in character. He was the typical charlatan, impostor, faker. He was sly and subtle, scheming and full of intrigues. He was not only a seeker of opportunity, but a creator of it as well.

What was Iliodor's reply to the efforts to oust him? It came in the form of increased agitation and denunciation of the authorities. He was as bitter toward them as any political revolutionist. He took back his accusations of the Jews, openly repenting for his injuries to the Israelites. His mind became more receptive for actual facts and knowledge. Finally, he began to talk of a church of his own, independent, loyal to Christ and the Czar. This carried a powerful appeal to the masses. One of his followers left him for the purpose of erecting such a church a tract of land and 60,000 rubles. But the authorities were rapidly gaining control of him. When he realized his powerlessness, he dramatically closed his career in Russian history with an act embodied in his "Renunciation" addressed to the Holy Synod. In it he renounced his allegiance to the Greek Orthodox Church. He appealed to the Russian people not to condemn him, for he "felt spiritual power within him" and he sought for eight years to be a "bright luminary," but the authorities would not let him develop his activities and influence. He closed with a promise to visit the grave of Tolstoy, which shows the spiritual state of Iliodor in November, 1912, when he made his exit from the limelight of Russian life.

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THE CONSERVATION OF WASTE

GEORGE WEISS

NATURE has provided us with many things, but Man has devised the uses to which these things shall be put. Big Business of today is concerned not only in producing steel, oil, leather, paper, chemicals, dressed meats, furniture, textiles, etc. A few years ago Big Business was in the throes of an efficiency campaign. Today it is in the throes of an economy campaign. *Save the penny! Cut out the waste!*

Big Business has reached a stage whereby waste motion has been eliminated. Modern machinery has displaced obsolete hand labor. Now Big Business has turned to keeping down the waste bills. Business profits of today are a matter of pennies. The manufacturer who can underbid his competitor by as small a margin as one cent to every dollar is often in a position to carry away contracts that will yield him millions. The pennies count today. Big Business is so intensive and sharp that it is not merely a matter of making good articles, but also of making good articles at as low a cost as possible.

Cut out the waste! The water that passes over the dam must do its full duty before it can sweep along to the sea. As a nation we are extravagant. Every day millions of dollars go to waste. The smoke stacks of our factories pollute the air with fumes that could be converted into money. The genius who transformed cottonseed from an impediment into a commodity of immense value started the wheels of a great movement to make useful that which the world discards as useless. Perhaps the conversion of waste has not been given much attention in the past decade, but Big Business of today has taken up this subject with vim.

There is waste everywhere. Our factories are wasteful. Our mines are wasteful. Our transportation systems are wasteful. Our marketing systems are wasteful. Our consumers are wasteful. This land of modernity is almost archaic when contrasted with countries of Europe, where paucity of products has inculcated a spirit of thrift that has reduced waste to a minimum.

In recent years there has been increasing agitation for the conservation of our natural resources. The proponents of reforestation argue that wooded hills will eliminate both floods and drouths. The people who advocate barge canals declare that millions of tons of poor paying freight are cluttering up railroads that cost $40,000 a mile to build, whereas canals that cost only $2,500 a mile to build should be moving freight of this nature. Waste has thrived on the speed that is characteristic of the country and its people. The Ameri-

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can people have elevated themselves into a sphere of high living cost simply because they wanted speed. What the people have sought in the matter of celerity has been found, but with a woeful waste of dollars. Now the watchword is changing. *Give us speed but be sure to save the dollars!* That is the new cry.

Big Business is now constantly alert to dollar saving. The gases that steel mills wasted are now being used. A new industry is being erected upon the gases that contaminated the air in the vicinity of the ancient bee-hive coke ovens. Saw-mill wastes are being turned into chemicals and the stumps of forests used for the generation of power. The chemist has turned cotton into a substitute for leather. He has lightened the weight of steel so that automobiles have been taken out of the luxury class. He has devised new methods for the extraction of gasoline from crude oil and natural gas. He has found how to secure lubricants, medicinal oils, paraffin, furniture polish, and road dressing from oils that formerly yielded us only gasoline or kerosene. He has discovered how to convert wood pulp into textiles. He has taken the corn of our Middle West and produced a substitute that is ousting molasses and also giving us starch, oils, acids, and salts. He has found methods to obtain potash from cement and from furnace slags. He has produced from bauxite a metal that has sprung into wonderful demand—aluminum. He has bettered Nature in the production of synthetic silk. He has taken our old shoes and hats and produced fertilizers. He has for years been using our old rags either for making paper or shoddy. He has taken our waste paper and produced box-board. Big Business is encouraging such work. Practically every big corporation is now employing large staffs of chemists and waste-saving geniuses to evolve methods whereby the dollar can be saved.

THE WASTE GASES OF THE STEEL MILLS

For years and years millions of dollars of gases were wasted by the steel mills. You sat in your train and in passing steel mill towns would see low hanging clouds. Now you pass the mills and the air is almost devoid of smoke. It is not merely a case of arresting the smoke. The smoke is being used. The gases that permeated the atmosphere are no longer wasted. Unused water did pass over the dam, but now things are different. Gases are conserved and are used until every ounce of energy and value has been exhausted. Years ago all of the blast furnaces in this country and also in Europe had what was called a single bell top. This top was like a cone and was lowered to permit the dumping of the charging material into the furnace. Every time the bell was lowered thousands of tons of gases escaped. This loss of gas not only retarded the smelting of the ore,

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but made working conditions around the plant unbearable. Men suffered bodily ills. Their output was hampered by working in vitiated atmospheres. Who ever thought of saving these waste gases! "That is one of the things we must expect," said the old iron masters. In later years a double bell was invented. The loss of gases stopped. The top bell was lowered and the furnace charged. The top bell was brought back into place, the lower bell released, and the ore and coke and limestone dropped into the furnace proper. But that was not all. Hot gas was being continually pumped into the furnace so that some gas had to be allowed to escape. The inventors conceived a method whereby the gas that had performed its functions could be used to heat new gas. A pipe was installed at the top of the furnace and the used gas drawn down to the heating stoves where it was burned to heat the new gas. Water that had previously passed over the dam unused was now being used. The gas first helped to smelt the ore and was then brought back to heat more gas. How many thousands of dollars this system has saved iron producers no one knows. It resulted in bringing down the cost of producing iron and helped to create a widespread demand. Thousands of people used iron products because the lower price had placed them within their reach. The dollar saved brought millions in new business.

But do not leave the steel mills as yet. The waste gas from the furnace not only heats the new gas, but helps to drive the motors that turn the wheels in the rolling mill, that operate the bridge cranes, that create the illumination at night, and that carry the ore up the skip to the top of the furnace. At the plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company ninety-five per cent. of the waste gases is saved and helps to produce 90,000 horsepower. The gases after having performed their initial functions contain some impurities, so they must be washed. Water is not always handy and it requires a great deal of water to wash the dirty gases from the big furnaces at the Bethlehem plant. Sometimes it is necessary to pipe a line for five miles in order to get clean water. Therefore once the water is brought to the washing machines the save-a-penny policy demands that it do its full duty. The water that is used for cleansing purposes gets hot. A sprinkling system is installed. Water is used to cool water. The Bethlehem plant instead of consuming 150,000,000 gallons of water a month now uses only 7,500,000 gallons a month.

A new American chemical industry is being reared on gases that formerly went to waste. The cry of the farmers for fertilizers is being stilled. The demands of preparedness advocate that the United States make itself independent of Chilean nitrates, with which to make explosives, are finding their solution in the conservation of waste gases. Billions of dollars of gases went to waste in the old

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bee-hive coke ovens. To make coke you must take the gas out of anthracite coal. The old coke producer thought only of getting the gas out of the coke. Save the gas? What good is it? The coal was dumped into the bee-hive oven, which was then sealed. A little heat was introduced and this heat forced the volatile gases out of the coke, taking about forty-eight hours to accomplish this result. The gases percolated through the ovens and destroyed the fertility of the soil for miles about. But the coke was produced. That was all the coke man thought about. Now let us turn to the modern side of coke production. The by-product coke oven has been brought to a stage of perfection. After being ridiculed by the bee-hive coke producer, the by-product oven has made such inroads on the bee-hive oven that it is now admitted the swan song of the latter has been sung.

If it were not for the war it is likely that by-product coke ovens would not be so greatly in vogue as they now are. The war created a demand for benzol and toluol for the manufacture of explosives. These products are obtained from coal gases. Prices of benzol and toluol soared. The steel mills saw their opportunity to install by-product coke ovens, obtain their coke, and still sell materials that would pay for the ovens and make them self-supporting. In 1914, by-product coke ovens produced $17,500,000 worth of products. In 1915 this had increased to $29,824,000, while in the year just closed it is estimated that the value of by-products received from the modern coke ovens amounted to $35,000,000. The by-product coke ovens produce tar, ammonia in three different forms, sulphate, liquor and anhydrous gas for illuminating purposes and for domestic and industrial fuel. In benzol products it produces crude and secondary light oils, toluol, solvent naphtha, and naphthaline, in addition to benzol. Before the war the Semet Solvay Company controlled all the by-product plants in this country. Then there were only 14 such plants. In 1915 16 more such plants were started. While in 1916 11 additional plants went into operation.

The government last year appropriated $15,000,000 for a nitrate plant. It was proposed to extract nitrates from the air. The government could undertake to produce nitric acid by means of by-product coke ovens, but what would it do with the coke? It could not enter into competition with private coke producers and still it could not afford to have the coke go to waste. Ammonia is easily changed into nitric acid and is one of the chief products obtained from the by-product coke ovens. The gases from the coal are drawn off and carried to stills, where they are converted into the various products named above. Air fixation of nitrate is not a wholly successful proposition except where abundant water power is available. The cost of producing

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nitrate in the by-product ovens is much lower than by the air fixation process. Advocates of preparedness maintain that the government should foster private manufacture of nitrates by means of by-product coke ovens, rather than engage in the manufacture of nitrates by the air fixation process. It is declared that it would be far better for the government to foster the installation of by-product coke plants, even if necessary to resort to the subsidy system that brought German industries to their high stage of perfection.

If every ton of coke produced in this country came from by-product ovens we would be almost entirely independent of Chilean nitrates for explosives as well as fertilizers. In 1915, 14,073,000 tons of coke produced in by-product ovens yielded 199,900,487 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 10,626,612 gallons of aqua ammonia, and 30,002,196 pounds of anyhdrous ammonia. In 1915, we imported from Chile 650,000 tons of nitrates. Experts declare that the output of by-products from 40,000,000 tons of coke would be ample in almost entirely replacing Chilean nitrates for use both as fertilizer and for explosives.

The government should encourage the installation of these ovens. In the first place, they will render this country immune from the evil effects of a naval blockade in times of war with respect to supplies of explosives; in the second place, the by-product coke ovens form the basis for the newly established chemical industry and in the third place the farmers who require fertilizers to restore the exhausted vitality of the soil can obtain these fertilizers very cheaply.

German factories thrive under the subsidy system. American factories thrive under a protective tariff. This is the basis for the plea that the newly established dyestuff industry be placed on a basis whereby it cannot be affected by European competition. In Germany there is no over-production. The government sees to that. In the United States there is either over-production or under-production. Conservation of waste is one of the dominant factors in bringing American industries to a state of balance.

The United States could have been independent of Germany in the matter of dyestuffs years ago if it had only looked to the conservation of its waste. The gases that were wasted by the old bee-hive coke ovens formed the basis for the manufacture of dyes. One of the leading chemical manufacturers in the counary, in describing the progress made in the production of dyestuffs before a recent convention of textile makers, said: "Before the war we produced about 3,000,000 gallons of benzol. Our production in 1916 amounted to 38,000,000 gallons. From benzol we obtain aniline oil, beta-naphthol, alpha-naphthylamine, paranitranilin, chlorbenzole, dimethylanilin, and paraphenylenediamine, which are the chief inter-

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mediates for the making of dyes. We are today charging more for our dyes than did the Germans, but this is because most of the benzol is going into explosives. When the day comes that nearly all of the benzol is available for dyes, then the prices will come down close to those of the Germans and with a fair tariff we will be able to meet German competition. We are today producing colors that never before were made in the United States. *Our colors are every bit as good as those made by the Germans.* We have not reached that stage of the art where we can make the finer shades with which the Germans supplied us, but the day is coming when we will be able to do everything as well and as cheaply as the Germans."

By-product plants and dyestuffs plants can be considered along with other plants as the first line of defense. A dyestuff plant consumes benzol, toluol, phenol, nitric, sulphuric, and muriatic acids. Explosives are made from these very products. The machinery used in making dyestuffs varies but slightly from that used for turning out explosives. Germany proved that its dye plants could be turned into war plants. The Du Ponts are preparing to convert their immense powder plants into dyestuff plants when war demand for explosives ceases. The great powder mills in Delaware, New Jersey, and Virginia built to supply England's requirements would never have reared their way skyward had England fostered a dyestuff industry. The Du Ponts are interested in the new Federal Dyestuff & Chemical Company. Down in the mountains of Tennessee, where water power is plentiful, the Federal Company is now producing dyes and chemicals. By-product coke ovens have laid the foundation for a new American industry and since the beginning of the War no less than $168,539,000 has been invested in dyestuff and chemical concerns.

IN THE HIGHER REALMS OF CHEMISTRY

This is the day of the alchemist. The man who merely lets you know what a thing contains, expressing his knowledge in terms of a chemist, is not an alchemist. An alchemist is he who can turn that which is now wasted into a product of value. The man who can fill his test-tubes with factory discards, the street wastes, the smoke from chimneys, and transmute these wastes into things we can use is the man for whom Big Business has an opening. Nature alone cannot solve our problems. Nature gives us the basic materials, but man must transmute these basics into the products that we can use. What good is dirt containing gold, silver, copper, lead, iron or zinc? The blast furnace and the smelting plants make these minerals of use. What use is it for the farmer to produce wheat or corn when he knows that world production is in excess of requirements in so far as food is concerned? The alchemist, however, has taken

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these kernels of wheat and corn and produced many products that Nature cannot give us direct. Nature cannot produce starch in direct form. Nature does not give us glycerine. The higher realms of chemistry are being watched continually by manufacturers. Think of the thousands of dollars that a company like the Standard Oil Company spends each year in order to find a commercial use for something that it now must waste. The Standard Oil Company is but one of the many. The Corn Products Refining Company has accomplished wonders. The American Agricultural Chemical Company is another. The meat packers of Chicago, Armour & Co., Wilson & Co., Morris & Co., have demonstrated how every ounce of cattle is put to some use whether edible or not. The leather and the textile factories are constantly wrestling with problems of waste. The manufacturers of pianos, clothing, furniture, paper, glassware, have all adopted waste-saving devices that are converting what formerly constituted an expense into a profit.

The day of the heavy automobile has passed. Did it ever occur to you how the automobile was lightened. Formerly an automobile weighed 6,000 to 8,000 pounds. Weight required more gasoline and greater horse-power to accomplish the desired speed. Science evolved an alloy steel that reduced the weight of automobiles to 2,400 pounds. The automobile that formerly required a fifty horse-power engine now uses a twenty-five horse-power engine. The automobile that formerly consumed a gallon of gasoline in 15 miles now travels 25 miles on a gallon of gasoline. This is a true saving. In the automobile factories waste conservation is practiced to its fullest extent. Waste motion in operating a machine is a thing of the past, and waste of metals is rapidly becoming history.

Factory chimneys pour forth their filth. Did you ever hear of electric precipitation of dust? Here is a device that pounds the smoke against the side of a specially built chimney by means of electricity. The dust in the smoke drops to the bottom. A silverware maker who installed one of these devices reported that a ton of dust yielded 800 ounces of silver. A short time ago Secretary of Commerce Redfield termed the manufacturers of America as the "Industrial Wasters of the World," because of their indifference to waste-saving devices. A piano manufacturer found that sawdust clogged his machinery. He installed an exhaust fan over the sawing machines and drew off the sawdust to a tank in the boiler room where the dust was used to generate heat. Some day that piano maker will discover that his dust will yield him more if he sells it to alcohol or explosive makers.

The scientists of the Department of Agriculture are continually hunting for deposits of potash. A few months ago it was cabled from Cuba that immense deposits of potash had been discovered. The

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discovery was hailed by American consumers but it later proved to be a myth. Germany is the only country possessing potash deposits. When the question was asked why our crops were small, how many people recalled to mind the fact that our farmers did not obtain a ton of German potash last year? The farmers cried for potash and the alchemists got busy. The kelp beds in the Pacific Ocean are now being worked in an effort to obtain potash. One genius discovered that potash could be obtained as a by-product of cement manufacture. Cement makers are now adopting the Cottrell system whereby potash can be obtained. Millions of tons of slag are moved from the blast furnaces of the country each year. Formerly the slag was used for filling swamp lands. Now the scientists think they can at least obtain some potash from the slag. They are working on the problem of how to get that potash out.

People are prone to scoff at wood-pulp silk, but the manufacturers of this product are making headway. The silkworm now has a strong competitor in artificial silk produced from wood pulp subjected to treatments conceived by the men who are improving on Nature. Cottonseed used at first as a fertilizer but now the basis for almost a score of products is regarded as important as the cotton itself. The chemists took cottonseed produced salad oils, paint, soap, glycerine, cattle feed, and cooking oil. The roofing manufacturers have been prolific in methods for the conservation of waste. First they used old rags, later they found that old carpets would do just as well. Now they are using tanbark from which the tannin has been extracted.

Out at Madison, Wisconsin, is the Forest Products Laboratory. The experts there have a miniature paper mill and they have convinced paper makers that other woods besides pine, fir and balsam can be used to produce wood pulp. They have shown how even the hard pine wood of the Carolinas can be softened so as to enable its transition into pulp. They have experimented for years with the problem of turning corn stalks, flax waste, and other field discards into paper; and some day they will be able to report having achieved that wonderful undertaking.

Secretary Redfield was right when he declared we were the wasters of the world. In this country we spend too much time in finding out how cheaply a thing can be done. In foreign countries the reverse is the case. How well can a given thing be done is the axiom that European manufacturers follow. Why did the German government equip all of its 28,000 locomotives with copper fire boxes? Copper was three times as costly and cast-iron just as serviceable. When the War came and copper imports stopped, the 56,000 tons of copper in those locomotive fire boxes, there being two tons of copper in each fire box, helped to solve the problem. European manufacturers are

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always alert to the salvage value of what they produce. That is why reinforced concrete building has not made much headway in Europe. There is no salvage in a reinforced concrete building, while in a structural steel building the owner can find some one who will pay him for the privilege of demolishing the structure. Germany had an eye to salvage when all of the public buildings were equipped with copper roofs instead of tin plate. Why is it that nearly all of the kitchen utensils in Germany and Austria were made of copper instead of the enameled ware that is so popular in this country? Simply because of the salvage that was in them.

PUTTING WASTE ON THE CREDIT SIDE OF RAILROAD LEDGERS

American railroads have only in recent years classed the recovery of waste as being just as important as the rapid transportation of freight. The trackwalker now not only sees to it that the rails are in good condition, but that every nut and bolt that works loose from trains and falls to the ties is picked up and deposited at stated points. Once a month the waste car goes out and brings in the collections. The great railroad car shops using thousands of tools were great sources of waste. A wrench slightly worn went into the junk heap and was sold for a few cents a pound. Now the wrench is given a new surface and is as good as ever. Locomotive tubes, steam gauges, air brakes, axles, wheels, everything that a railroad uses are coming out of the railroad repair shops ready for years of additional service. Scrap beyond recovery is sorted out and either sold at high prices because it is sorted according to the established classifications of the waste trade, or in the case of such scrap as copper, brass, or bronze is melted into ingots and sent to the metal foundry to be re-worked so as to restore all the properties that are necessary for strength and elongation.

Railroads that formerly regarded their waste bills with dismay are now drawing profits from their salvage corps. Everything from a 300 ton locomotive down to a two ounce bolt is salved in such a manner that the greatest value is extracted.

PUBLIC CLAMOR STOPPED THE WASTES IN THE FORESTS

The lumbermen of the past were grieved when public spirited bodies objected to the ruthless destruction of our forests. They sulked because they thought that they alone knew how to conduct lumbering operations. Now the lumber man is thanking the advocates of conservation because they showed him the way to turn waste into money. Up to a few years ago it was the common practice to waste 65 per cent of a tree in turning it into lumber. Now over three thousand products are made from the waste that the lumber men formerly thought was incidental to their calling. There is a market for lumber

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waste. Waste from the saw-mills, when given certain oil treatment, can be used for operating engines. Sawdust is being converted into ethyl alcohol, plaster, linoleum, and explosives. A billion and a half cubic feet of lumber were wasted annually. Now the waste has been cut to less than a third of that amount. But even that is too much and the manufacturers of wood pulp are seeking to save the liquor that is now wasted from their digesters so that sulphur can be recovered. The government experts have hydrolyzed wood waste and produced a "carbohydrate cattle food."

In our big cities there are operations wherein millions of dollars are wasted each year. We have the cheapest freight rates in the world. Our railroads carry a ton of freight several hundred miles for a few cents. It costs several dollars a ton to move the same freight from the railroad terminals to our warehouses or factories. The Census Bureau has only recently undertaken the work of finding out how much city deliveries cost. It has already ascertained that the cost of delivering ice is equal to 45 per cent. of its value. Our great milk distributors pay about 4 cents a quart for milk and then charge the city consumer 10 cents a quart simply because the charge for delivery is equal to 12 per cent. of the value of the milk. Millions of dollars could be saved yearly in cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore if co-operative systems of delivery could be arranged. The city of Washington for instance has 1,540 grocery stores—one for every fifty families, and each operating its own delivery service. Our cities are poorly arranged. Our manufacturing plants are too often miles away from the railroads, whereas factories alongside the railroads are showing the way to their competitors. The success of the Bush terminal project is striking testimony of the effectiveness of close co-ordination between manufacturers and the railroads. There is no waste of time, or of money.

Prof. Rudolph M. Binder of New York University, who has made a study of waste, declares that the high cost of living is the penalty of utter wastefulness. He asserts that each year we waste products of a total value of $10,000,000,000. He declares that we waste 40 cents of every dollar that we spend. A billion-dollar Congress is regarded as representing the acme of extravagance, still the waste of one year in the United States would give Congress sufficient funds for at least nine years' appropriations. Prof. Binder has figured out that general waste costs every wage earner in the United States $5.75 every week in the year. Waste? I could go on and enumerate a score of other sources of waste. Just think what $10,000,000,000 a year would do! The railroad systems of the country are valued at $20,000,000,000. Two years' waste would furnish funds for the duplication of every mile of track, of every terminal, of every car that American railroads own.

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Ten billion dollars would put the American Navy first five times over. This staggering sum would erase poverty from American soil. It would, if properly conserved, build 500 dreadnaughts costing $20,000,000 each. It would put a public library like that in New York in over 1,000 cities.

The day will probably never come when every cent of this ten billion dollars will be conserved, but the day is coming when a greater part of this immense sum will be saved to the American people. *Big Business wills it.*

DEMOCRACY

JOHN ROBERT MOORE

PURPLE and rouge or Quaker gray, loud and raucous or gently sweet,
I am the goddess of best and worst: matron of home and girl of the street.
I am the quack of the marketplace, I am the itching palm of gain;
I am the torch of sacrifice, I am the dawn of the night of pain.
I am the hard and shouldering throng, I am the spirit of unbelief;
I am the hope of a better world, I am the nation's heart of grief.
Nor seek to understand my ways, nor marvel that I fail to grow;
Mine is the youth of eternity, child of the stars and Titan slow.

Wanton as boys that sport with flies, I toy with the lives of men—
Thoughtless child from the cradle of heaven, with power to kill and to bless;
I fondle the babe in her mother's arms, I teach her the letters of life,
Till I cast her joyless youth on the curb as it were a tattered dress.

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Tender as women that shroud the dead, I honor the lives of men—
Goddess of truth from the brain of God, I quicken the dust to breath;
I speak with the lips of my poets and priests, I fight with my warriors' arms,
Till I write their names in letters of life on the marble gate of death.

I am the frieze of the Parthenon, the graybeard senate of Rome;
I am the Alpine peaks of snow and the coasts of the English sea;
I am the Terror, the guillotine, the chant of the Marseillaise;
I am the slave to the rule of Mob and the spirit that sets men free.
I am the Plymouth of quest for God, the Salem of quest for creed;
I am the unforgiving kirk and the Covenanter's cave;
I am the war for the freedom of tax and the plunder of little lands;
I am the boast of the rights of man and the lash of the negro slave.

Tinsel and gilt or civil gray, ruddy with youth or stark blood-red,
I am the goddess of false and true: dust for the living and flowers for the dead.
Mine are the shames of your public men, mine are the shams of your civic halls;
Mine are the glories you dream to see arise in song like the Trojan walls.
Mine is the gripe of the alien hand, mine is the lust of the untamed brute;
Mine is the swarming clatter of day, and the starry calm when the world is mute.
Nor seek to weigh the plans of God, nor murmur, "It were better so":
I am the heir of the universe, child of the stars and Titan slow!

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